

Fallen Stars and Rising Gods

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Fallen Stars and Rising Gods

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Summary

His name was Cancer. He was once a celestial being, a constellation that was loved and respected. He was powerful and he had eleven close friends that were just like him. But suddenly everything went wrong.

His name is Karkat Vantas. He's now a depressed, problematic freak of a teenager with memories of a god in his head after he was diagnosed with cancer. Fucking hilarious and ironic he knows. He is weak and had eleven close friends when he was younger but they've drifted apart and changed. Everything was wrong.

He didn't have a lot of time but he was going to make things right, no matter what.

Notes

NO. SELF. RESTRAINT. WHATSOEVER!!

I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry

I just hope you enjoy!

Beginning

Chapter Notes

I have no restraint whatsoever and now we have a new story under my belt! On my plate.

I hope you enjoy, this was actually kind of nice to type. A nice break from my other stories I guess?

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

There was a time where the constellations lived and prospered.

Where the stars lived among the cosmos in relative peace and harmony, underneath the twelve main celestials- the gods among gods. The Zodiacs.

They were one of the most powerful stars and constellations within reality, each governing and overlooking an aspect of the universe.

Pisces was a gentle constellation, she looked over **Life** and was the Empress over the Celestial Palace, she looked over her star subjects and made sure that the palace where her fellow Celestials live in was in tip top shape. She was a kind and benevolent Empress.

Aquarius was the Guardian of the Pond, the Pond of Nebulas. It was a pond that over-viewed the wellbeing of almost every star within the universe. Even those of constellations. He watches over the pond and can even swim in it without any repercussions where others would find themselves lost and or even burnt or permanently put out. He also looked over positive emotions, as well as **Hope**.

Capricorn was one the one who roamed the Graveyard of Stars. He made sure that the dying were peaceful and that the dead stay dead, he corralled black holes into safe spaces and made sure that they died out without a

problem. And despite his view over **Rage** and negative emotions, he was quite the gentleman, kind and someone you could rely on.

Sagittarius was one of the fastest in the universe, master of the bow and the messenger of the gods. He galloped on stardust and delivered messages from one side of the universe to the next, making sure that the constellations were capable of communication and took orders to heart. He carved a path and looked over the **Void** so no one else would.

Scorpio was a mischievous constellation but she meant well, a manipulator yes but a grand protector and warrior who flourished in the **Light** as she looked over it. She made luck her game and used it to protect the cosmos from those who tried to destroy it. She had a brash personality but was a good friend in the end. A formidable foe not to be gambled against.

Libra was a protector as well, though she mainly maintained justice and order within the universe. Her control over the **Mind** was as sharp as her wit, though blind, she was capable of seeing more than what others could see. She almost always had a back up plan and was capable of turning the tables in almost every impossible situation.

Virgo was a healer first and foremost, she was kind and loving but one should not underestimate her for she was a Celestial for a reason. She was strong in her own right and was capable of tearing apart those who erred her, she looked over **Space** and was mostly revered by the newborn stars and constellations alike as someone akin as their mothers.

Leo was a ferocious warrior who's prowess could not be comprehended by anyone else other than her fellow Celestials, some may call her feral but she bore her **Heart** to the universe and reminded them that she looked after it within the universe. She wore it proudly on her sleeve and was strong for it.

Gemini was a rare sort of constellation, capable of halving himself with no repercussions and fusing into his main form without a problem. He oversaw the Palace's knowledge and library, the ultimate source of what was to know. He was a duality that would seem to be at odds with himself and yet in balance and peace, he looked over **Doom** as he had twice the mind to comprehend it.

Taurus was someone who was free as the astral wind, with stars in his wings and a strong sense of freedom, he looked over **Breath** and freedom, he was a strong protector. Brave and compassionate to the interests he held, making sure that every star was free yet reminded them that freedom had a cost.

Aries was a fellow wanderer of the graveyard, overseeing the death and **Time** of stars and constellations everywhere, nebulas and galaxies whisper their deaths into her ear and she is undeterred nor disturbed by their whispers. In fact she takes comfort in their tales, making sure that the mistakes and regrets of stars were rectified and fixed.

Cancer, the last of the Celestials, was a hardy constellation. Some found him too angry and hateful to be a Celestial, and yet, he was. Despite what some would think, he was a perfect candidate for it, despite his apparent brash personality and rough attitude, he was kind and gentle to those he saw as his. He oversaw the **Blood** of others, their bonds and their kin. He kept the whole group together, and the Celestials themselves came to him whenever they needed to make an important decision.

These twelve constellations ruled over the universe with a fair and firm hold, their rule was the Golden Era of the Galaxy.

And like other Golden Eras...

It was bound to end.

“*Cancer.*”

He looks back to who calls his name, his usual neutral frown twitching into a slight smile at constellation that stood at the doorway. “Aquarius.” He greets quietly, glancing away from the violet-starred celestial towards the dark blue sky dotted with millions of lights and mists of glittering colors. “What brings you to my tower?” He asks as the celestial glides to his side despite his lack of aquatic tail like Pisces, his amphora floats beside him.

Aquarius chuckles, golden jewelry clinking slightly as he moves his arms to motion out to the beautiful city that was beneath both of them, on the edge of their Palace where their subjects lived their lives peacefully. “Must I havve a reason to come to enjoy this vvieww? I envy your choice, I should havve asked Pisces for this towwer instead of my pond.” He jokes lightly, a needed action from the as of late heavy discussions between he and their fellow constellations.

“You jest, you love your pond, it matches well with your vase.” Cancer mused with an amused smile.

He gets another chuckle as a reply and a friendly swat on his shoulder, “’Tis an amphora Cancer, honestly, you and the others, you cannot just call it a simple vvase, you all vvery wwell knoww it is not just that.” He laments light heartedly.

They share a chuckle and slip into comfortable silence, looking over their beautiful kingdom with a sense of content.

That sense, unfortunately, was only limited and a simple illusion. They both knew that something was over the horizon, they didn’t need Libra to tell them that.

Cancer sighs, straightening and arranging his cloak, “That is enough star-gazing for now, I suppose Pisces wants an audience with everyone.” He states rather asks, knowing the answer already. His confirmation comes from Aquarius’ small but very heavy sigh, he further confirms it with a terse nod.

They leave his tower, traversing the glorious halls and corridors of their palace towards the war room where most of their important discussions were done in the private among them. No one else but the celestials were allowed within the room without permission.

They arrive, not the first but not the last. Pisces, Virgo, Aries and Taurus were present, but the others had yet to arrived.

“Capricorn, Leo, and Sagittarius will be absent for this meeting, Gemini should be coming from the library.” Virgo informed them as they went to sit down at their assigned and usual seats.

Cancer looked over to Aries who responded, “Libra is late but Scorpio will also absent for the meeting.”

He nodded, “Very well. Then let us start the meeting.” Cancer said, Libra would no doubt already know the moment she comes into the room, she always does.

A threat was looming over them, a darkness that was devouring the universe, something that was never seen before and it was not going to stop until it got everything in existence... Especially the celestials themselves.

“CANCER!”

He’s been hit by something. It was an ambush.

He couldn’t breathe, there was something in. His. Chest.

“D-Don’t worry Cancer, we’ll get you to Virgo, she will heal you--” A scream. He knows that voice.

“A-Ar-“

“ARIES!”

Karkat shouts, heart in his throat as he abruptly sits up, sweating and panting as he tried to gain his bearings. He can’t see where he is, he can’t remember where he is, he trembles as he wraps his arms around himself in an effort to comfort himself even as a small pain flared in his chest, it’s nothing but a psychosomatic and phantom pain that never should have existed. But it does. He grips his arms, grits his teeth and pulls himself together.

It barely works but eventually, he's calming his quick pants to steady breathes. The pain throbs in his chest but goes away after he firmly tells himself it wasn't real.

None of it was real.

Not anymore.

“F-Fuck...” He breathes, the paranoia and anxiety is receding but not completely. Never completely. It always stays at the edge of his mind, ready to attack him once again but for now, it recedes and he calms. “... Not again...” Karkat gruffs, complaining as he sees the tinge of red of his vision, he looked down to his fingers and sees the slight red light that is one them, the source of it coming from his face.

He throws himself out of bed in the most ungraceful manner possible and trudges towards the bathroom, stumbling over the sheets that tangled his legs with a curse but managing to escape it and continue on. Karkat blindly walks through the darkness, something he used to be afraid of when he was younger but now didn't really care anymore. Besides, ever since... *then*, he could see in the dark, a different kind of night vision.

Stumbling into the bathroom, he turns on the light, closes and locks the door, then faces the mirror.

Baggy red eyes greeted him in the harsh, bright bathroom light --his guardian must have finally replaced the dim light-bulb of the room-- as he leaned forward to tiredly observe himself in the mirror. He instinctively looks at his hair first, the black dye was finally wearing off, the white of his roots are now showing. He'll have to dye it again later.

Forcefully moving on, he looked into his eyes, his freakish, red eyes. He scowled at them, he always hated his genetics. Being born an albino wasn't an advantage in school, it was a nightmare really.

But if his natural freakish red eyes weren't enough, the *new* state of his freakish red eyes was really something unnatural, something that didn't involved his fucked up genetics.

His pupils were red and *shining*, the edge of his sclera had small moving veins that were trying to reach his glowing red eyes. It had really fucking freaked him out at first, but now, they just made him uncomfortable. Karkat huffed before closing his eyes and focusing on repressing it.

His eyes pricked slightly, and he felt a shiver go down his spine.

When he opened them again, he was actually glad to see his *normal* but still freaky red eyes. At least they weren't glowing now. No red light was coming from his eyes at all. In fact, at least it was *just* glowing eyes this time, it all could've gone so much more worse.

Inhaling, he held his breath for a solid half-minute then let go.

Karkat looked away from the mirror, staring down to the sink and letting out a shaky breath as he remembered the name that left his lips the moment he woke up from... *that shit*.

“... Aries...” He mumbled before shaking his head, “No, fuck that. I’m not...” He looked back up to the mirror and saw not *his* reflection... But **his** reflection.

A man stood in the mirror, posture straight, confident and strong. He had wild shining white hair with a small thin braid that curled around his shoulders, above his forehead and nestled in his hair was a silver tiara-like crown with three spires, a red gem rested right on the middle spire with the silver brand of the astrological sign Cancer was on it. His eyes were *glowing* red, literal galaxies behind the strong gaze of the man. From his ear right earlobe was a metal earring of a small tribal-looking crab that seemed to hold on to his ear.

He wore a silky grey cloak with red embroidered thread holding it together and giving it a regal design. Underneath the cloak was clothing that befitted of a noble prince, a dark red tunic with small golden designs, on the left breast of his tunic was the sign of Cancer again and around his waist was a black belt that held a wicked looking weapon, a dangerous-looking sickle, its metal was blood red with ancient lettering carved into it.

He was Cancer. One of the Twelve Zodiac Celestials. Millions of years old and ancient, wise—

Karkat closed his eyes tightly as his chest clenched, the phantom pain coming back as he tried to clear that image of Cancer out of his head. “I’m not Cancer, I’m not Cancer,” He muttered, over and over again as he slowly sunk to the ground. Cancer was dead. He wasn’t Cancer, he wasn’t a god, a constellation or whatever. He was- *is*, Karkat Vantas, utterly human, sixteen years old and *weak*.

From the mirror, Cancer looked down to his human self with sadness and closed his eyes, fading from the mirror and back into the deep dark depths of Karkat’s mind. He wasn’t ready, unfortunately that did not matter. They didn’t have much time after all.

Not with the tumor in his heart.

“*I’m sorry Mister Vantas, but it seems that you have cancer.*”

Karkat looks at the doctor with a stunned face, “I-I... I have c-cancer?”

“*It seems you have a primary cardiac tumor, or rather a tumor in your heart.*”

Cancer.

C a n c e r...

“*I will tell your custodian as soon as he comes by and –“*

Karkat panicked, he didn’t know what happened but he panicked, “No! Don’t tell him I have cancer!” He flinched back with his vision flashed red. Across him, the doctor’s eyes flashed red as well.

“*Yes... sir... ”*

Kasper, or crabdad as little Karkat had called him before, doesn’t find out. All he knows is that Karkat has depression and an elevated blood pressure.

Nothing much to worry about, Karkat is confused by the doctor's actions as he didn't tell him or anyone else about his illness.

Then the drea-no, the memories and nightmares began to happen...

Karkat barked a harsh laugh as he thought about it. Just as soon as he had been diagnosed with cancer, he finds out he was Cancer, as in the constellation. Whatever reason, the memories of his past life, the life of a fucking *celestial being*, got jogged out from being *diagnosed with cancer*.

He had the memories of a *god* in his head, he couldn't make sense of most of them, he forgot a lot of them but it was an irrefutable fact – the proof was in his head, in his *veins*. Karkat glanced down to his arms and hesitantly, he rolls up his sleeves to see what was underneath the cloth, the thin lines on the inside of his elbows that went to his shoulder made his head swirl a bit but it's a somewhat comforting sight to see for him, he bit his lip and focused on his finger. His nail glowed red and slowly, he dragged a small but thin red line on his arm, he watches the glowing blood that escapes the line he made and he gulps in an intake of hair.

His nail stops glowing and for a while, he stares at his glowing blood, it glittered slightly, dying and barely living embers of light trapped in his blood, so different from the blood from his dreams, the ones he could remember and woke up crying out and screaming had blood that *shone* like stars. He's just glad that his room was somewhat sound proof for whatever reason.

Karkat doesn't move from his place on the bathroom until someone knocks on the bathroom door, Karkat washes and wipes the glowing blood away. It never dries, he has a small jar of his own blood hidden underneath his bed and it smells and seems like it was brand new even though it was fucking *weeks* old. The line heals easily and he rolls down his sleeve, steeling his face, he splashes water in his face and flushes the toilet.

It tricks whoever was outside to think he had been pissing or something. He wiped his face dry and unlocked the bathroom door to face his older brother.

Kankri looks at him blearily through a mess of white hair, albinism runs in the family unfortunately.

“The bathroom’s yours.” Karkat mumbled as he walked past his older brother, intending to head back to his room and try to get a few more hours of sleep. It was too early to be awake but who cares. It wasn’t really his fault, it was *his* fault, fucking Cancer.

Kankri nodded and wordlessly entered the bathroom. Kankri is thankfully, not as chatty during the late of night or early morning. A blessing on the world, truly.

The reincarnated constellation went back to his room, locking the door and sighing heavily, trudging back towards his bed. Flopping down on it, he tiredly curled up on the bed and tried to get comfortable even though he knew that he wouldn’t be getting back to sleep any time soon.

‘Aries...’

“Shut up...” Karkat muttered to the random thought that popped up in his head, Aries was likely dead, was somewhere reincarnated –Aradia, she’s Aradia, it’s so fucking obvious it hurts– and was fine. Lucky for her, she probably doesn’t remember her death. Lucky bitch.

He tries to sleep. He fails. He curses and gets up to mess around in the internet.

No point in trying to waste any more time sleeping, he had school today anyway.

Karkat didn’t bother restraining his groan, he was in the safety of his room.

Great.

Another shitty way, to start a shitty day.

He couldn’t *possibly* wait for all the *good shit* that would happen at school today.

Fucking ecstatic.

Chapter End Notes

Poor Karkat, things are going to be so hard on him in this story.

Hope you enjoyed!

Times Have Changed ~ I ~

Chapter Notes

Or in other words I try to be wordy and descriptive. I'm not the most fashionable person out there and I don't really know a lick of proper fashion and I'm probably describing it confusingly but here we go! I can only hope that you guys can get the picture I'm painting with these words that I'm using to describe these characters.

Also, it's pretty obvious that some characters will be OOC, either as 'Celestials' or as 'Humans', reincarnation is a damning thing to a personality sometimes ahaha, also that's what I THINK they'd act as gods and goddesses.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Hauntswitch High was a gigantic school. The main building itself was quite large with four floors and three interconnected buildings. Haunswitch even had another school nearby, Hauntswitch College. But the focus here was on Hauntswitch High.

There were three main buildings, Prospit, Derse and Skaia. Prospit were where most of the morning classes took place for most grades, Derse was in the afternoon, and Skaia was where students spent time outside of classes, Skaia held the libraries, the cafeteria, the clubrooms. Shit like that.

The Founder of the school was weird as hell, and was surprisingly still alive after founding it like, sixty years ago. Though he wasn't seen much on school property, but there were some weird times they'd seen Sir Hussie himself in the library or in the horse ranch—yes, there was a horse ranch, horse back riding was actually a popular activity within the school, there was a Equine Appreciation Club within the school after all which Sir Hussie personally created at the start of the school's founding.

At any rate though, Hauntswitch high school was a large place, so you'd think Karkat would see his 'friends' less... if it weren't for the fact they

were his classmates and they were in the same year level. Thankfully though, they had different schedules so he didn't see everyone in every goddamn class. He doesn't think he would be able to take it.

Karkat sighed tiredly, opening his locker after putting in his locker's code. Hauntswitch was also very technologically advanced, it was a wonder that Karkat and the others could actually attend the school but surprisingly the school's tuition wasn't that expensive, somehow. He didn't care as long as he could just trudge through school and graduate.

If he could live long enough to do that.

The albino's grip on his backpack strap tightened at the thought before he let out a surprised yelp when he *someone* bumped into him, causing him to drop his books. "Shit!"

"Aw shit, sorry there—Ey! Karbro! Good motherfucking morning!" Karkat swore, both internally and externally as he recognized the voice of the one who had bumped into him. Reluctantly, Karkat picked up his books and turned to him, grimacing at the lazy and carefree grin that the other was wearing.

Gamzee Makara.

'Capricorn...'

'Shut the fuck up' He thought to himself as he looked at the tall teen before him. Karkat's eyes were first drawn to the unnaturally messy hair, it was like motherfucker had never heard of a comb before or even knew they existed but surprisingly it kind of fitted him. If anything it matched well with the grey face paint that Gamzee usually wore, it didn't completely cover his face but around his eyes were painted grey along with around his pierced lips in the shape of a smile. All he needed was some white paint and a red nose and Gamzee would finally look like a true fucking clown. He never got why Gamzee was obsessed with the shitty harlequin wearing people.

Gamzee wore a tattered looking zip-up hoodie which was left unzipped, though the patches looked purposefully stitched on as a design choice, underneath the hoodie was a simple purple shirt, but around his neck was a simple silver chain with a small harlequin figure hanging off the chain. Ripped dark blue jeans served as Gamzee's pants, the rips were around his knees as the typical ripped jeans way.

Karkat twitched and gave Gamzee a grunt, "Morning Gamzee." He greeted back monotonously, taking a causing whiff when Gamzee was near enough. He grimaced at the subtle scent of tabacco, well, at least it wasn't weed or any other drugs that usually was enough for the fucker. A peek at Gamzee's purple eyes revealed that he hadn't smoked anything other than cigarettes. Plus, he must have actually took his medicine rather than using anything else since he was relaxed despite the fact he wasn't high.

It was a wonder that Gamzee had been a gentlemanly god, he couldn't remember much about Capricorn, but he could remember the way Capricorn acted, gentlemanly, precise and graceful like every other celestial but it was hard to think that Gamzee was *ever* as precise as Capricorn was. Capricorn would have never resorted to *drugs* and other unsightly activities that Gamzee participated in, though that may have been because of his stupid custodian, Giles, the neglectful son of a shit.

"How you've fallen Capricorn..." Karkat unintentionally mumbled to himself, Cancer briefly emerging to say it aloud instead of forming it as a *manageable* thought for Karkat. He is *not* Cancer, he's *Karkat*. Naturally though, he panics slightly at the slip and the look of confusion on Gamzee's face.

"What was that?"

Oh good, he didn't hear it completely. "Nothing, just mumbling to my own fucking self." Karkat replied, telling the half-truth. It wasn't *nothing*, it would *never* be *nothing* when it came to... Focusing back, "Anyway, we should probably get going, class is almost starting." He says afterwards, stashing some of his things in his locker after a look towards the nearest clock. Though he pauses and looks over to Gamzee, "Will you be going to class or..."

Gamzee smiled at him and he tells himself he's unaffected by the smile and that the relief he feels is for earlier when Gamzee hadn't caught his slip of tongue. "Yeah best bro, I'll be all going to class today." As opposed to when he didn't and skipped it to smoke or do knows who knows what.

Karkat grunted and nodded, closing his locker and hefting his backpack over his shoulder as Gamzee waited for him patiently. Soon, they were making their way towards their first class. On the way, Karkat can't help but sneak a few glances at Gamzee as he began to just ramble on about something that happened over the weekend for him.

His relationship with Gamzee was, complicated to say the least.

He smothers a snort, yeah, complicated pretty much described *all* his relationships with his, 'friends'. If you could call some of them that any more.

There were about four, maybe five, people he was close enough to even call them a *tentative* friend and only about two of them was something he was sure about. Gamzee, unbelievably enough, was one of them. The other, was Kanaya.

Who, speak of the devil, was already at the classroom.

"Heey there Kanaya sister." Gamzee greeted with his usual lazy drawl, smiling at the teenage female that sat in her seat.

"Gamzee, Karkat, good morning." Kanaya greeted back with a kind smile. She had short hair and lovely tan brown skin, she had green lipstick on today, it matched well with her jade-colored eyes. Heavy make-up was prohibited in the school unless it was a special occasion, like a school event or project. Piercings, dyed hair, and appropriate clothes were allowed though.

She wore a black fashionable sweater with green stitching and design, with it, she wore a long cherry red skirt with a silver belt buckle. Though to his unfortunate and uncontrollable delight, she also had stitched the sign of Virgo into her sweater in dark green.

‘Ever so fashionable Virgo’

Though for a rare moment, Karkat had to agree ,however reluctantly he had to, Kanaya was always the most fashionable out of them all. And telling by the pieces of memories he was able to remember without summoning a headache or a panic attack was that Virgo, supposedly Kanaya but she kind of looked more like Porrim with that long hair of hers, was very beautiful and fashionable.

“Hey Kanaya.” He finally greeted after shaking his head, no need in getting lost in his head for worthless bullshit. He had to focus on school and real life right now, not in the past and the broken memories in his mind. He goes to sit beside her in his usual seat, which was beside her. Gamzee sat in front of him whenever he could, leaning back against his chair inappropriately with his trademark lazy smile. “The chair’s gonna snap underneath your fat ass if you keep tilting it back like that.” Karkat deadpanned, feeling more relaxed at his desk and with Kanaya by his side alongside with Gamzee.

Gamzee waved off his warning, “All is motherfucking fine my wicked brother, all shit’s motherfucking fine.” He said, though he did stop putting most of his weight on one leg of his chair. Which was good.

The three of them continued to talk and patiently wait for class to start. Though, as they do, two certain people entered the classroom right before the class started. The sight of them made Karkat tense and he subconsciously shifted in his seat. Kanaya noticed and sent him a sympathetic look, Gamzee didn’t seem to notice and just continued to chatter on obviously which actually kind of helped Karkat.

‘Scorpio and Libra, still mischievous, but for the wrong reasons...’

“*Shut up...*” Karkat hissed quietly to himself as he deliberately looked away from both girls. Luckily he had been able to get away with it, no one had heard it. ‘*They’re not Libra and Scorpio.*’ He told himself sternly, he couldn’t afford to slip into Cancer’s state of mind, not again.

They were Vriska Serket and Terezi Pyrope. Two infamous students within the school, popular and dangerous-- well, dangerous to the eyes of the teens

within the school. To the adults they were just troublesome students and punks, but as long as they didn't cause too much trouble (or get caught really) and keep their grades average and above, then they weren't much to look after.

Vriska was a known punk trouble making teen, and a manipulative bully. She had blond hair with a cerulean blue-streak on her bangs of her long hair, she had to wear prescription-grade glasses most of the time, she wasn't someone to underestimate. She had copious amount of blackmail on her that she could use against those who went against her. She wore a cerulean jacket with a fishnet undershirt and a grey sleeveless top. She too wore ripped jeans, though they were a lighter color compared to Gamzee's. She also wore four different bracelets on each arm, for some reason she was obsessed with spiders and the number eight, it was her 'lucky number'.

Terezi was more neutral but just as troublesome, she had a sharp tongue and was adept in seeing loopholes in agreements and used it to her advantage whenever she was in trouble. She was quite close to Vriska, she was her best friend after all, practically sisters even after the slight fall out they had a while ago that lead to the group really break away from each other. She was legally blind, her eyesight was so bad, she *did* need an cane, but with her genetics, her other senses were heightened to the point that some people sometimes forgot that she was blind. She had pointed red glasses perched on her nose, a dragon-shaped hair clip nestled in her ginger hair to keep her bangs away from her face. She wore a short sleeved teal and red shirt over a thin, long, sleeved black sweater. She wore regular black jeans though she did have a red belt with a dragon-head buckle, just as Vriska was obsessed with eights and spiders, she was obsessed with dragons, the top of her cane was in the shape of a dragon head.

Karkat purposefully avoided in looking at them, especially at Terezi. She had been his crush once upon a time, but things had changed and he's rather avoid her like the plague. He talked with Kanaya, not glancing at Terezi at all even if he could practically *feel* her gaze on him.

He wonders what she wants now, she doesn't look over to him without a good reason.

Luckily, it seemed that it wouldn't come up right now since she and Vriska was quite busy between themselves, no doubt plotting for their next scheme or something.

Class came after a few minutes and the last minute students were coming in, and one of them had Gamzee perking up happily.

Tavros Nitram came into class a few minutes late, rolling into class in his wheelchair, a constant reminder of one of the more seriously bad things that came between their group of friends. Vriska instantly scowled at the sight of the wheelchair but ignored Tavros, Terezi smiled a bit sadly and greeted Tavros quietly as he rolled by.

~~‘Taurus, your wings have been clipped...’~~

Karkat mentally snorted, ‘*It’s more than his wings that’ve been clipped... wait, shit, Tavros doesn’t even have wings dammit!*’ He cursed to himself as Tavros greeted back Terezi with a small smile, ignoring Vriska as well and rolling over to his desk which lacked a chair for obvious reasons.

Tavros had dark brown hair in a fluffy-looking mohawk since the side of his head had been shaved, he wore a black shirt that had the Pokemon *Tauros* printed on it, ironic for obvious reasons. He wore light brown cargo pants and carried a plain light brown backpack that usually stayed in his lap. His legs were really weak, he still needed to do a lot of physical therapy to actually walk so most of the time he was in his wheelchair.

And with that, class began.

-- carcinoGuardian [CG] began pestering carcinoGeneticist [CG] at 12:09 PM --

CG: Karkat, I'll be late in coming home so dinner will be a bit later than usual since I'll be stopping by the store.

CG: What do you want for dinner tonight?

CG: Anything will be fine.

CG: Are you sure?

CG: Yeah, anything is fine as long as its edible and shit.

CG: Language young man!

CG: >:P

CG: Don't you stick your tongue out at me.

Karkat snorted, smiling fondly at his guardian and adopted father. Despite the scolding message he knew that Kasper didn't really care if he cursed in his messages, not really. Cursing just came naturally to him, it was a part of his personality.

Kasper Vantas was a great custodian. He was definitely better than most other guardians, with the exception of a few like Kanaya's, Tavros', etc, but he was definitely better than Giles Makara. He had no idea how the bastard still had custody over both Kurloz and Gamzee.

At any rate though, he was glad to have Kasper as his guardian.

It was... part of the reason why he didn't want to burden his guardian with, the knowledge of his illness. Kasper would work himself tirelessly to the bone in trying to help him, stressing to the point of death maybe. It was stupid he knew, but, he didn't really want anyone to find out that he had cancer. It wasn't as if it was going to change anything.

The surgery was too expensive and even if they could afford it he wasn't too keen in having anyone finding out about his weird magic blood. His blood could glow and that was *not* normal, he'd rather not deal with doctors questioning him on why the fuck that was that. Not to mention the apparent powers he got along with Cancer's memories...

It was just his luck that happened.

Speaking of his powers.

He had no idea how they worked most of the time. He knew he could turn his nails into like, dangerous glowing knives that could cut through *anything* –he’s tested it against wood, stone, and even fucking *steel*, there wasn’t much his nails could cut through– and that for some reason his blood glowed like the liquid in fucking glowsticks.

And, for some reason, he could control people.

Not everyone, just some. And that control wasn’t really, precise. He had no real idea on why that was it but the doctor that had told him about his illness hadn’t told anyone about it, he hadn’t told Kasper of it. Well, he had *one* idea about it, he had asked him what his Zodiac sign was. Lo and behold, the man was a Cancer.

Apparently those who were born under the sign of Cancer could be controlled by him, or well, commanded he guessed since ‘control’ seemed more... malicious than he’d like. He didn’t like using that power, that and unless the person was a Cancer then he could do jack shit with them.

That aside, the only powers he could do was command and the nails thing, but he knew he had more but he didn’t know what they were.

Karkat groaned, thumping his head against the concrete wall behind him as he looked up to the sky. Why him? Why did *he* have to get the memories and apparent powers of a god? Just what the fuck happened anyway?

No. Never mind, he didn’t really want to know. That would just invite more bullshit into his life. He could barely handle the shit he had in his life now, he couldn’t really handle *more* of it.

Dammit, he felt so tired...

“*Cancer!*”

Stopping from his walk, he turned to see Libra coming his way with Taurus, both grinning as they did so. Cancer chuckled slightly, “Libra, Taurus.” He greeted casually.

Libra smiled toothily, her eyes semi-hidden underneath her silky transparent blindfold. It fluttered behind her slightly as she gracefully slunk towards him with purpose, her teal teardrop earrings glinting with light and hidden power as they hung from her lobes. A transparent red cape settled around her shoulders that trailed after her. She wore a golden and teal sleeveless top, her sign permanently marked on her naked shoulders in dark red, she had golden bracers with various gems embedded on them.

Around her hips were a teal belt with a silver dragon carved into the buckle, and from the belt, two separate golden scales hung as a sign of balance. She rarely used them, only in times of need, she usually relied on her staff for actual combat, that and she loved to use the staff to poke around things and stars alike. Cancer rolled his eyes as Libra used her staff to poke him.

Her teal and red skirt swished as she and Taurus stopped by him.

“I thought you were busy with the stars in the Northern cosmos.” Cancer told them, turning to face them fully.

Taurus grinned at him, “We managed to finish early and come home. Scorpio unfortunately, is still at the Southern helm so she will not be here until the clans of Lopus and Lynx have settled down and stop terrorizing the stars around them.” He told him, brushing his nose, his golden bull-nose ring glinting. The nose ring matched with the other golden bracelets and jewelry adorning Taurus’ bull horns, both for protection and a wonderful fashion statement.

His brown, shining wings flutter behind himself, galaxies swirling in his wings while orange starlight came from his eyes. He wore an open golden brown tunic, his sign proudly stitched and flowing in the middle of his chest that revealed the silver chain mail shirt that was underneath the open tunic. Leather and metal bracers were around his wrists but shorter compared to Libra’s, his lance laid comfortably by his right hip, and by his left, his simple yet powerful knife.

“And you come unscathed.” A voice came from behind them.

They turn to see Capricorn and Virgo casually walking up to them.

Virgo smiled gently but that didn't hide the sharp fangs that protruded from her lips, her long tresses of dark yet glittering hair trailing behind her. Her hair nearly rivaled both Scorpio and Pisces in terms of length. Her skin shone a shiny white with curls of beautiful darkness marking her bright white skin underneath the translucent green fabric that draped around her shoulders and arms, her dress, hugging her figure and proudly displaying her sign in a very creative way. Like Taurus, yellow starlight shone from her eyes while the rest of her shone brighter than the rest.

Libra chortled, "We are sorry to disappoint you then Virgo, for coming back unharmed and unable to visit you and your infirmary once more." She teased, making the bright constellation chuckle in amusement.

"On the contrary, I approve." Virgo replied with Capricorn nodding in agreement.

The gentlemanly constellation speaking softly, "As do I, with how you warriors and protectors typically are, I'd rather not escort you to the graveyard, no matter how beautiful your deaths might be... Aries words mostly as she told me once." He said with fond amusement that they all shared.

Capricorn wore a lovely long-tailed purple vest, his sign marked golden on the right breast pocket of it, underneath the vest was a long-cuffed shirt in white, its silver and purple cuffs quite fetching, it matched with the silver and black gloves he wore most of the time. His face, painted white, mostly to hide the ghastly scar that he had gotten in an accidental, situation, with Leo, it ended with regrets but things were just fine now between the two, if a bit tense sometimes when the matter came up. His mane of a hair, wild as ever with slight dark purple mists wistfully escaping hold sometimes with each movement of his head.

"Well, Aries would be correct in how beautiful our deaths would be. As constellations of our prowess, our births and deaths would be a spectacle that most stars would be lucky to witness," Cancer agreed then continued,

“However, thankfully I have full confidence that our deaths would not be happening any time soon.”

“Really now? And here I thought I was going to die of boredom from the machinations of the Luples and Lynx’s lamentations about one another.” Another voice said from behind Libra and Taurus, one that made Libra beam and shine brighter as her practical sister comes forward.

Scorpio flicked her dark blue hair over her shoulder, smiling smugly through her sharp teeth, scorpion tail leisurely flicking behind her in clear amusement. She wore a long regal cerulean jacket, underneath, a black corset with her sign stylized at the middle, underneath her breasts but clear and visible for all to see. Underneath the corset was of course, a light blue tunic. By her left hip, clasped to her brown belt was her dark cerulean rapier, and her other hip, her pouch that contained her most powerful weapon which was reserved only for emergencies like the scales of Libra.

“Scorpio! I would have thought that the Luples and Lynx clans would have kept you further!” Libra said, delighted to see her.

She got a brash scoff in return, “As if! Of course I would settle their little problem quickly, I am hurt that you would think of such a thing.” She said with a smile. Ever the arrogant, even if she had the power and experience to back it up.

“Apologies on that then.” Cancer chuckled, looking away from them to look at the place they all happened to gather at. They were at the palace’s garden, it was one of the most beautiful places of their kingdom, Cancer was pretty sure that every flora of their kingdom was within the palace walls in one way or another, some flora even came from the far reaches of their universe, contributed by each celestial.

It was hard to think that just millions of years ago, the garden was barren and that things were quite different between the twelve of them. He could barely remember just appearing into his side of the universe, alone and so young... He wondered on where he would have been had he not met the others, or if things went into a different turn between the twelve of them.

“...cer. Cancer!”

The crab-signed celestial blinked, turning back to the others with an apologetic look, “Ah, my apologies. I was distracted for a while.” He said, bowing his head slightly.

Scorpio snorted, “We can see that, at any rate though, Pisces is calling for us. It seems like she wants to hold a meeting.” She informed him, motioning to the starry aquatic semi-humanoid fish that was currently bowing to them.

Cancer blinked and nodded, his usual neutral look settled on his face, “Ah, I see.” He said, nodding to the starry fish with a grateful nod, “We should not keep our dearest Empress waiting now should we?” He questioned rhetorically as the others nodded.

He wonders on what Pisces wanted this time.

Cancer gasped for breath, laid upon the medical cot with Virgo looming over him with a serious look as she quickly wrapped his wounds to the best of her ability. “Get me more galaxian mist!” Virgo hissed to a worried and beaten up Taurus who quickly nodded, scampering off to the cupboards and cabinets to do just that.

“A-A...ries...”

“She is fine, right now you are my main focus!” Virgo barked as he groaned in pain when she tightened the bandage around his chest where a red and black spot pulsed from his skin. “I don’t understand, this spot clearly is doing something to you and yet I cannot find what it is doing!” She said with frustration as she laid a glowing jade hand over his heart.

“Nn.... Fo-focus, on A-Aries... I’m fine...” Cancer tried to growl and order, though it mostly fell flat from his breathless and pained tone. “G-give her... galaxian, mist...”

Virgo twitched, “You, my friend, are a self-sacrificing idiotic--” She took in a deep breath, “Fine, if only to give myself more time in trying to find out

what this spot is doing to you. I will have Taurus look after you while I focus on Aries.” She snapped.

Cancer chuckled weakly, though he winced when Virgo looked at him with a solid strict look. He looked over to Aries, where she laid in a similar cot beside him, she looked just as worse as he was though she wasn’t sporting the red and black spot he had on his chest, which was good in his personal opinion.

“...kat...”

Huh?

“Kar..at!”

“Karkat!”

Karkat jolted from his place against the wall, breath hitching from the sudden awakening. “Fuck!” He curses when he accidentally bumps his head a bit too hard to the wall behind him.

“Woah, thorry there KK, found you thleepin’ up here... You do know it’th like, patht lunch now right?”

The albino blinked at the sound of the familiar voice and looked up to see *Sollux Captor* standing above him with an amused look on his face. Though, for a moment, still tired and somewhat submerged in his subconscious, it’s *Cancer* that blurts out as a similar and familiar event had happened plenty of times before.

“ Είναι entáxei Dídymoi, den tha éprepe na koimíthika xaná sti vivliothíki sas.” [It is alright Gemini, I should have not fallen asleep in your library again.]

Karkat comes back wide awake and was instantly mortified by what he said as Sollux’s face morphed into one of befuddlement and confusion, “The fuck did you jutht thay KK?”

Dammit he shouldn't have fallen asleep in school!

Chapter End Notes

I am really liking this AU.

Also I wasn't comfortable in leaving this story with only one chapter so far!

Hope you enjoyed guys, this story has a really interesting path going for it!

Now if only I can actually follow the path while following about a dozen other paths for my other stories TuT

Times Have Changed ~ II ~

Chapter Notes

Oof, been a while.

Sorry guys, been a bit busy with other stories but hey! At least this chapter is long! Almost 7,000+ words! To be accurate it's about 6,851 words.

At any rate! I hope you enjoy the chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Foot. Meet, Mouth. Foot, proceed to horribly cram yourself into Mouth would you?

Fuck.

Karkat gulped as he looked at Sollux with wide eyes, he couldn't fucking believe himself. Fucking *greek* was spewed out of his mouth. *Shit.*

Never before has Karkat damned the existence of an entire language before but here he was now! Damning *Greek* for existing and coming out of his damned mouth in a weird fucking moment of his life! How the hell did he even know Greek? He's never-

Oh right. Memories of an apparently Greek-speaking god in his head. *How bad of him to not remember that.*

But he had never realized that they had been speaking in an entirely different language, for a moment he had thought it had been English but looking back, *nope*. Definitely Greek. Wow. He had learned *-remembered??* - and entire language. Great. Fucking awesome.

Not!

“KK what the fuck came out of your mouth.” Sollux deadpanned at him, looking at him with weirded out eyes behind his stupid red and blue tinted glasses.

‘Gemini’

Sollux Captor, resident ‘hot nerd’ of the computer’s class. Despite his lisp, pessimistic, bipolar and nerdy attitude, he was somewhat popular. At least, enough to not garner attention with bullies and such, there were rumors that he was an information broker and a paid hacker as well floating around the school.

And when Karkat meant bipolar, he actually meant he thought Sollux had some sort of Identity Disorder most of the time. Some times Sollux acted one way, other times another and the rest of the time as himself! There was no telling with this guy. One day he was Nice-Ass McKindness, the next he was Douchfuck McRudeness.

‘He was never meant to be one person all the time’

This would be one of the rare moments that Karkat would agree with Cancer. Sollux didn’t seem to be fit to be one person. In fact, he seemed to be owning his bipolar disorder. Despite how Sollux might act in public-bipolarity aside, he was obsessed with the number two, duality, the primary colors of red, blue and yellow, doom and finally death.

Which kind of made sense to Karkat now that he knew who Sollux was. That is, if Karkat ever fully accepted the whole god shenanigan that was going on with him.

“KK? Yo, KK, you there?”

Karkat blinked, shaking his head as he tore himself away from his thoughts. He shouldn’t be spacing out with Sollux in front of him like this. He looked at the male with a wry look, his eyes unconsciously looking up and down at the brunet.

Sollux wore a black t-shirt and a white jacket, stitched in the middle of his shirt was a familiar Gemini symbol in murky yellow. He wore two wrist bands, one red on his right and one blue in his left. He wore grey jeans and had mismatching but still kind of matching shoes, a black shoe on his left foot and a white shoe on his right, Karkat wouldn't even bet his lunch money to know that Sollux no doubt was wearing mismatching socks as well, it was obvious. On his face was a pair of red and blue tinted glasses, kind of like 3D glasses but they were actually prescription-grade glasses instead of shitty plastic ones.

Karkat huffed and reluctantly nodded, "Yeah, I'm fucking fine." He replied tersely, uncurling and letting his legs stretch in front of him, then, he remembered what Sollux had just told him. "Wait a fucking minute, *shit!*" He shouted as he scrambled to get to his feet.

Lunch was over! He needed to get to class! ~~And get away from Sollux. He's still sorry.~~

"KK- Jethuth fuck, watch it!" Sollux snapped as Karkat bounded past him then frowned, "Hey wait!" He called out to him but Karkat didn't stop, if anything he ran faster towards the door and stairs. The nerd scowled and sighed, "Tho much for trying to catch up." He muttered to himself as he went over to sit at where Karkat had been sitting.

It had been a long time since Sollux had actually hung out with Karkat, ever since...

"Get the fuck out." He said coldly, not even looking back as Karkat tried to say something. "Get the fuck out and never come back Karkat." The smaller male made a hurt noise but after a moment, Sollux heard nothing, he turned around and he found himself alone in the room- his door still open. He felt briefly guilty before he beat down that guilt and focused back on his broken computer.

He cringed, yeah.

Karkat had apologized, but back then he had been too stubborn, it had been an honest accident. It wasn't until Karkat had actually *paid* to have Sollux's

computer repaired did he realize how much he had fucked up with his old friend, or was it ex friend? They had never really talked anymore nor did they hang out as much, and even then it was usually with someone else that would act as their buffer- aka Kanaya.

Sollux looked up at the sky, his glasses and eyesight giving him a colorful view of the space above him. He had never really apologized for being such a douche as he?

Well, that was going to change. He was going to make sure of it.

He wanted his friend back.

Karkat had *barely* made it to his next class, being only a few minutes late and was luckily inside before the teacher who had been a bit late himself. Karkat was still heavily panting as he took his seat.

Until he realized he had left most of his school shit in his locker after lunch- originally he would have gone back to his locker before lunch ended but *nope*, he had ended up *daydreaming* on the damned roof for the whole lunch time.

He groaned quietly into his palms after he checked his bag- thankfully he still had a notebook and actual book for his class but he had forgotten his pencil and pens back in his locker. *Dammit*.

Reluctantly, he looked around for someone he could borrow a pencil or pen from. Anyone really, but then again he hardly knew most of the people in this classroom aside from their names, there were a select few he *had* known before. But he wasn't going to ask from them so he had no idea who to ask-

“Missin' somethin'?”

Karkat froze slightly and turned his head backwards towards the owner of the accented voice.

Both amused and slightly bemused violet eyes met his own red ones, Karkat nearly flinched back at the familiar gaze. Nearly. Thankfully he did nothing but nod silently to the teenage male that sat behind him.

‘Aquarius’

Eridan Ampora sighed behind him, Karkat hadn’t wanted to talk or even look at him. Also, he had no idea why Eridan would talk to *him* of all people.

“*She is not interested in you Eridan, when the fuck will that cross your mind?!*”

SMACK

“...”

The albino’s cheek stung in phantom pain. Though, it wasn’t as painful as when Karkat realized he had fucked up royally for one of his best friends.

Or really, *almost all* of his best friends.

He had fucked up a lot of things.

Eridan was a pale aristocratic looking teen, thin square glasses perched on his nose and a purple patch of hair dyed in his auburn locks. He always had a blue scarf around his neck, the rare times you wouldn’t be able to see it on him was if the day was too hot or if he was swimming. He wore a light grey shirt underneath his dark purple jacket, the Aquarius zodiac sign stitched on the breast of his jacket. He wore light blue jeans that were slightly ripped at the knees- Eridan always looked like a hipster most of the time, even more so when it was colder and he could wear that striped blue scarf that he always kept in his bag. Attached to the clothing piece.

He was actually quite popular, even among those who weren’t hipster. He was part of the men’s swimming team. Captain of it now actually ever since Cronus quit the club for whatever reason. He was also one hell of a tutor, he

was smart and strict but those he tutored tended to get better grades after a few sessions with him.

~~‘He has always been a wonderful teacher. He and Gemini both.’~~

Karkat contained the snort that threatened to come out of him. Eridan and Sollux could barely stand each other, the only reason they could tolerate each other now was because of a *certain someone*. Without *her*, they would surely be at each other’s throats at a regular pace.

“Here.”

The albino blinked incredulously as a violet fancy-looking pen was shoved into his face, he’s taken back, looking at Eridan with a shocked and incredulous look.

“Don’t just look at me like that Kar-kat. Just take the damn thin’ and start wwritin’.” Eridan growled at him, insisting the writing utensil upon the confused smaller teen. Karkat hesitated but accepted the pen, Jesus was it fancy, and turned back, muttering a soft ‘Thanks’ and completely missing the small smile the auburn and violet-haired male had.

Eridan stared at the back of Karkat’s head for a moment longer before shaking his head and focusing on the class and taking notes. That was, a small but good start. He just hoped it was enough to get things rolling, though he knows it wasn’t going to be easy, not with how he and Karkat ended up last time.

*Eridan was stunned to see the utter **hurt** look he saw on Karkat’s face. Though those red eyes weren’t looking at him, his heart clenched at the sight of confusion, pain and betrayal in the albino’s eyes. It was unfair.*

It wasn’t until way later did he realize that it had been unfair for Karkat and not him. And it had been too late to repair the damage of the broken friendship.

He sighed quietly, he had a lot of work to do.

He needed to apologize to him at some point, at a proper time.

Karkat had left that class as fast as he could. Quickly placing the fancy pen on Eridan's desk, shoved his notebooks into his bag and booked out of that class before the hipster could even do or even say anything. Leaving the Aquarius signed teen a bit stunned by how fast he went and disappeared from his sight. Darn, looks like he wouldn't be able to talk to Karkat for a while, or if any today!

That interaction just, rubbed him a strange way and he did *not* want to stick around to see if that wrong feeling would be justified whatsoever. That, and he needed his books, pens and pencils for the next class anyway so he needed to get to his locker.

The sound of the school is dull on his ears and yet so loud as he tried to keep it together. He's been on edge since this morning, when that *dream* woke him up in the middle of the night, from meeting with Gamzee in the morning to him accidentally napping on the roof which lead to him meeting with Sollux. And now just earlier he'd interacted with Eridan.

Today was, just not cropping out to be his day.

But at least he hadn't managed to interact with Terezi and Vriska, his already souring day would no doubt turn for the worse if he did. Or if they did. Who knows, certainly not him and he didn't want to know.

Karkat sighed, opening his locker and this time shoving in the writing utensils he needed, vowing not to leave them in his locker ever again. They were now staying permanently within in his backpack.

...

Then he realized what class was next and he cursed, reluctantly putting his things in the locker and trudging towards the next class.

Physical Education.

One of his worst classes.

He was, in one word... was a wimp.

He was physically weak, noodle for arms, sticks for legs and a weak *fails* immune system.

It was *really* tempting to let his couch know about his... *unfortunate predicament*, just to avoid the class but he didn't want to deal with the repercussions with *that*. The couch wasn't born cancer, a random tidbit of information he had learned by listening to the random information mill that was part of the school. You could find out almost anything on that. Almost anything. Thankfully.

But the point was, he couldn't control the coach into doing his bidding *because* he was a *Taurus*. So he'd technically probably only listen to Tavros if he had remembered... Which he didn't.

So Karkat was forced to participate in Phys Ed.

The only perks to that was because of his albino status, he couldn't do anything too particularly straining or in a sunny area since it would seriously mess him up. But how long that would last, he had no idea. The other perk was that most of the time, the class he had *didn't* have anyone he knew personally in it. Occasionally it would, merging the period with another class but he was fairly sure it wasn't the case today.

Kind of.

It was pool day so Phys Ed was spent at one of the school's swimming pools, and since it was a very sunny and hot day he got to sit out of it lest he risk giving himself a sunburn. He ignored the grumbles and grunts from his male classmates that he was spending the time with but thankfully they would be too distracted by the female part of their class in the other swimming pool.

Which also included the captain of the female's swim team.

Feferi Peixes.

Dark skin, long wild hair, she was really popular from her looks and personality and the fact that she was a champion swimmer added in the good touch. She always carried around a pair of goggles, obsessed with water and the sea, she was a light-hearted girl that was one of the nicest persons to exist like Tavros.

Karkat despised her.

...

Okay that was probably dramatic and such and he didn't really mean it. He didn't really despise her but, he *hated* the way she was able to naturally draw in people with ease, being able to make friends with no problems, being liked-

But then again she managed to cause such drama too.

So maybe he shouldn't hate her for that.

Hell, he couldn't even hate her properly for causing such a dramatic ruckus between two of his ex-best friends.

He just hated her social capabilities he supposes.

It was weird.

Still, he had to admit, he couldn't keep his eyes off her as she swam. No one could unless they were busy with their own swimming.

Feferi was a mermaid born with legs.

And that was very accurate too.

'It is nice to see Pisces still enjoying the water.'

Karkat held back a snort and nodded slightly in agreement.

Before, he was slightly affected by her looks, she was just so unfairly pretty but, remembering on how *Pisces* looked... He actually found her looks to be quite normal now.

Ugh, he should really stop comparing people he knew to a crazy hallucination slash dream slash possible fucking memory or whatever.

He didn't need to torture himself with the fact he was *even more* crazy or the fact that he *actually preferred his dreams* rather than reality. Which was slightly understandable but still, he just, wanted to sleep and never wake up...

It was a dangerous request, but it would be fulfilled one day.

Maybe.

From the other side of the pool, Feferi frowned a bit, panting slightly as she absentmindedly dried her hair. She had finished her round around the pool, the coach letting her rest at the side since she was done before the others, normally she would do more laps but today she felt like just cutting back a bit. So here she was, sitting on the opposite bleachers, spying on the other bleachers of the other pool where underneath the dark shade of the bleachers was Karkat.

Karkat was just staring off into space, thinking of something, she wondered on what he was thinking. She was never really close to Karkat, but they were in the same group of friends as before. It was, kinda sad to see him there all on his lonesome. No one was looking at him except for her, and the boys that were done with their laps were sitting away from him, mostly staring at her and trying to flex whenever they caught her eye or when she looked at them.

It was ridiculous.

Hmm, maybe she should talk to him today. For old time's sake? Or at least to know how he was, it's been forever, ever since... well, yeah.

Maybe she should talk to him today.

Too bad there were cons to being as popular as her.

Karkat left Phys Ed tiredly, thanking the clouds and skies above that next period was free period and he could spend it hiding away in some dark corner somewhere. After quickly changing into his normal clothes, avoiding the crowds, it seemed like Feferi had wanted to talk to him by the way she had looked at him when she exited the girl's shower room, thankfully she was then bombarded by females and males alike and Karkat managed to avoid confronting her and slipped away before she could even try to follow him.

Off to the dark corners of wherever the fuck.

Maybe the library.

Since he hadn't had any other location in mind he latched towards that one thought and went towards the library.

With that, he went to the older section of the library, one where most students didn't usually go to and he could read and spend the rest of free period on his lonesome, in peace.

He found a comfy spot on the second floor library, deep within the old section where it smelled of dust and old but well kept books that lined the shelves. He used his bag as a cushion as he lent against a shelf, sighing in content, comforted by his surroundings and the fact he was alone.

The small teen smiled to himself as he read a book that he had taken from his bag before he used it as a pillow and went to read where he had left off the last time he had read the book.

At some point though, he never noticed when he slipped into unconsciousness, feeling more tired today for some unfathomable reason.

"...er.."

“...ncer...”

“Cancer.”

Abruptly, the star straightened as he was awoken from his sudden slumber. “P-Pardon?” He stammered groggily, a yawn barely held back as he registered where he was. He blinked the rest of his drowsiness away as he took in the familiar figures in front of him. “Ah, my apologies Gemini, it seems I have fallen asleep in your library once more. I must do something about this habit.”

Twin chuckles met his ears as he stretched lightly, shaking his head slightly as he did so. “It’s alright Cancer.” “We don’t mind.” They said kindly, amusement in their eyes. “You are always.” “Welcome inside here.” They murmured, their nearly identical yet different and slightly smaller bodies floating above the table as well as himself as they reached for a shelf high in the air with four books in hands.

Gemini was one unique constellation, though all of them were unique, it wasn’t often that a star could split itself into two perfect halves. When separated, they took on the opposite spectrum of each other, one body taking in the dark colors of red with lightened colors of blue while the other took the colors of dark blue and the lightened colors of red. It was a fascinating phenomenon. Their visors would be one primary color unlike when they merged where it would have one half-red and the other blue. It went the same for their clothes, their black and white vests would merge for a gray color to signify their joining, though their pants would be like their visor, half the color of what they would wear separated.

They kept the knowledge of the library, its keeper and protector and their expert on all things complicated.

Cancer enjoyed Gemini’s library, but had the tendency to be lulled into sleep at its peaceful atmosphere most of the time much to his chagrin, though at least the others took amusement from his embarrassing and unfortunate habit.

“What were you.” “Reading this time?” Gemini asked after returning the book to the shelf it belonged, the shelf itself moving once more once the action as done. Silently moving along its siblings and the walls of the library that served as the knowledge-filled hub for all constellations, especially Gemini.

Cancer hummed, “What do you think?” he showed his teeth in his grin as he focused back on his book the moment he heard Gemini huff in amusement.

“That book.” “Again Cancer?”

Fond amusement, something shared by them both.

“What can I say, it is a favorite of mine.” Cancer admits with no shame, smiling as he read the page once more of the small protagonist’s adventures. “The content of the book is filled with knowledge, as you know.”

Gemini huffs once more, twin looks of mock annoyance, ruined by their young faces, “Indeed.” “Mhmm.” They moved closer to each other, hands clasping together, Cancer glanced away as they glowed, in the mood to be one huh?

“I don’t see why you’re so interested in this type of knowledge Cancer.” The familiar, deeper and older voice of Gemini said as the light died down, Cancer gave him a knowing look and a grin as the taller constellation sat down on the table. Anybody else would be reprimanded into sitting properly on the chair but Gemini was the Keeper of this Library so he was pardoned. If barely.

Cancer shrugged and focused back on the book, “It’s enamoring. The adventure, the literature, the emotion… Mortals are so creative.” He said, a slightly dazed look on his face as he caressed the soothing page, “Do not tell me that you are not moved by the creation of men- as flawed as they are, their flaws are their own personal versions of perfection.” He murmured, closing the book though he kept note of the page and where he had left off as usual.

Gemini stayed silent and snorted, “True I suppose, they do make interesting key points of knowledge before their deaths.” Their starry subjects were interesting sure, but there was something so differently interesting of the mortals that the stars themselves couldn’t help but pay attention from time to time.

“I havven’t heard the wwhole convversation but of course Gemini manages to fit in knowwledge and death into the same sentence as usual.”

Both constellations blinked and looked back to see Aquarius gliding in with his usual grace, a look of amusement perched on his face. “Cancer. Gemini.” The violet colored star greeted.

“Aquarius.” They chorused back in greeting, looking just as amused.

“So, wwhat has brought forth another sentence of knowwledge and death from the lips of our dearest librarian?” Aquarius teased lightly as he took a chair, setting aside his amphora to sit more properly and comfortably.

“Mortals.”

Aquarius snorted from Cancer’s answer, “Ah, I see. Curious little ones are they not?”

“Curious yes, and completely short-lived. Ah, pardon, short-liv-ved.” Gemini jested with no heat, something that caused both Cancer and Aquarius to smile.

The relationship between the two constellation was quite complicated, but in the end, it mattered not and they were close comrades that looked out for each other. Seeing them jest and jab each other in such a friendly way warmed Cancer’s heart.

The sound of the two constellation’s voices washed over him and he found himself lulling back to sleep once more, much to the other star’s amusement when they turned to Cancer for conversation after finally remembering that they were not the only ones within the library in such a close vicinity.

“Are you quite alright Cancer? You seem exhausted.”

Cancer blinked furiously, rubbing his eyelids slightly as he took in a deep breath. “Yes, I am, my apologies Pisces but it seems that current events are currently taking more of a toll on me than I realize.” He said to the beautiful constellation before him.

Pisces smiled back at him, understandingly kind as always. Her almost unbelievably long tresses of sparkly dark hair floated around her, as if submerged in water. “It is alright my friend, I am afraid that I feel quite the same as you, this... predicament has become quite the problem, one that should have been dealt with earlier on...” She trailed off with a frown, fuchsia eyes glinting lowly in thought.

“Unfortunately it wasn’t and we still do not know where it came from in the first place.” Cancer finished for her with a tired sigh.

Pisces nodded, mirroring his sigh fully as they sat in the meeting room, just the two of them. The others were busy with tasks that the both of them had given them in light of the troubles that dawned on them now for years.

Pisces flicked her tail in slight irritation, beautiful pinkish scales shining from below her waist. She had preferred her tail for this meeting it seemed, her legs still healing from the last attack on their kingdom. Something that had been jarring but she would be fine. Another visit to Virgo in the infirmary later on would make things better.

Her jewelry glittered along her skin as she moved her arms to prop herself on the table, fins fluttering slightly as she closed her eyes, most likely focusing on the defenses around the citadel of their kingdom.

“...Anything?”

Cancer couldn’t help but ask after a moment of silence, tense as she looked for any threat that was nearby their home.

Though he relaxed the tiniest bit when she opened her eyes and shook her head, looking just as satisfied with it as he probably was at the moment.

The last attack was close, and it was something that was starting to worry them and their starry subjects.

“We must prepare nonetheless. I pray that things are not as horrid as I may so paranoidly think.” Cancer muttered, his moment of relaxation ruined by his own paranoid thoughts of how things would turn for the worse.

Usually Pisces would do her best to convince him that nothing was wrong, however, this time she stayed silent. She knew he was right on some level, on what though was unknown to the both of them. Cancer, though he had mellowed out from his youth as a burning bright warrior star, eager to prove that his title was well-earned, was still as paranoid as ever underneath the calm exterior that he usually portrayed.

Something was over the horizon, and they would rather be ready for nothing than not be ready at all.

“I agree.” Pisces finally said, looking as tired as she was beautiful. Her usual composure as a ruler was gone in the privacy of the meeting room.

Cancer sighed, reaching over to lay a comforting hand on her shoulder, smiling reassuringly, “Things will be well my friend, for now, we must simply prepare and make sure that everyone lives.”

Especially their most closest of friends.

The nebulas know what hell might happen should they loose another a fellow constellation.

They were only suppose to evacuate the stars from the village that were on the border of their kingdom.

It was suppose to be safe.

They were supposed to save every star and constellation there.

But it wasn’t.

It was an a m b u s h.

“*ARIES!!*”

p A I n

P ai NNNn

“*CANCER!*”

“*CANCER!*”

“*KANCER!*”

“*KANCET!*”

“*KARKET!*”

“*KARKAT!*”

Karkat flailed, knocking away the hands that had gripped his shoulders in favor of dry heaving against the floor, his senses muddled and his body trembling as he did so. A pair of comforting hands soothed him, rubbing his back as he coughed, curling into himself.

“Shh... Hey, it’s-it’s okay Karkat... That’s it...”

He didn’t know who was patting his back and comforting them but he appreciated it, they sounded familiar though.

“Do you, um, do you need anything? Are you okay now Karkat? Maybe we should get you to the clinic.”

They certainly sounded worried.

Wait.

Who was it?

Who was watching him being so pathetic?!

He gulped down some air, trying not to choke on it as he turned his head to look at who was with him at the moment- wasn't he in the older parts of the library where most people don't go to most of the time?

Who was-...

Fuck.

He *forgot*.

How the hell could he *forget*. *Aradia Megido* was an avid reader and loved to hang out in old places, *especially* the library. How the fuck did that slip his mind?!

“A-A-Ar--” He tried to say, his red eyes widening at the sight of the other that knelt beside him, her hand on his back for comfort earlier on.

She had long black hair, her features, slightly asian but she had a healthy tan to her skin from the amount of time she spent outside for the activities she enjoyed that needed her outside. Her eyes were auburn, mostly brown but in some cases or in the right lighting, they could've been rusty red, a weird but not impossible phenomenon. She wore a dark red shirt with a black skull on the front, though on the skull's forehead the Aries sign was stitched into it. Aradia was wearing a long black skirt today, though it was slightly frayed at the end since it was obviously an old but beloved skirt- Kanaya's been meaning to ask her about that for quite some time now.

‘*Aradia*.’ Is what Karkat would have said.

‘***Aries***.’ Is what Cancer would have said.

Neither came out as Karkat choked on air, starting another coughing fit that certainly alarmed Aradia.

“Karkat! Ah, um, hold on-” She looked around before she spotted her own water bottle, she uncapped it and offered it to him. He almost declined, but

his throat was spasming and he suddenly felt really thirsty for whatever reason.

So without much other choice, he accepted the water, trying to calm himself down enough to be able to drink water without the slight possibility of choking on it. It took more than a few moments but he was able to gulp down some water, it soothed his throat and minutely his coughs subsided.

Karkat panted lightly, capping the bottle and shoving it back to Aradia.

“Th-Thanks...” He croaked, taking a minute to regain his bearings.

Aradia smiles at him, “It’s no problem Karkat... are you okay? Maybe we should really take you to the clinic.” She suggested, her smile turning into a frown of worry. It deepened when Karkat vehemently shook his head in disagreement.

“It’s fu-fucking *fine*- *I’m* fucking fine. I just, swallowed something the wrong way.” *Lame excuse.*

Aradia obviously didn’t seem convinced, “In your sleep?” She replied dryly, the worry on her face grew, “You... you looked like you were having a nightmare.” She said softly.

Earlier, she had been perusing the old books in the older part of the school library. Fully intending to find a nice old book about archeology and read it once more, there was just something so serene in reading such old books in such an old place.

And then she had accidentally stumbled into one sleeping Karkat Vantas, someone who... admittedly hadn’t been on her mind for quite some time. She had seen he was asleep, and she had hadn’t really wanted to wake him up *until* she noticed *how* he was asleep.

He kept muttering underneath his breath, at first, it had been peaceful-like, a one-sided conversation she couldn’t hear at all since all she could hear was barely heard mutterings that might have not been English, and the other half of the conversation was in Karkat’s mind.

It was a bit fascinating to watch. She didn't mean to stay longer than she had like, but she couldn't really look away.

Then, the fond and peaceful look on Karkat's sleeping face turned into a worried and harrowed frown, his body tense like a bowstring ready to snap, his mutters grew softer and more somber. Whoever he was talking to in his dreams managed to soothe him slightly it seemed, his body wasn't as tense, but the somber look on his unconscious face was still there, concerning.

Aradia's heart jumped to her throat when suddenly Karkat was thrashing in his sleep, a silent howl on his lips as he writhed against the floor, bumping into the bottom of the shelves and almost rocking a few books from their place- she actually had to prevent a heavy tome from falling on Karkat before she had to wake him up!

Seeing Karkat thrash against her grip, crying out a strange but somewhat familiar word in his sleep, it shook her. She had never seen him like this, ever. Even when they had been kids! ... She thinks, they hadn't been as close but Sollux had been close to Karkat, and as far as she could remember, Karkat hadn't had any nightmares that caused this kind of reaction from him!

But then again... it had been so long since they had spoken.

She realized this as they stewed in a growingly awkward silence.

“Are you sure?” Aradia asked after an awkward moment, “I mean-”

“Yes I’m fucking sure.” Karkat snapped back with more hostility than he had meant to give, he shook his head and stood up, batting away the attempt of assistance from Aradia as he did so even if he stood up on wobbly thin legs. “I’m *fine*, I don’t need, to see the clinic.” He muttered, stretching slightly as he steadied himself on his feet.

She still wasn't convince, looking over him with a cautious eye that Karkat hated. He wanted to shout at her to stop looking at him like that, like he was made of glass and was about to break the moment something happened.

Accurate.

“Again, thanks for the bottle... I’m gonna go.” Karkat mumbled, quickly snatching his bag and shoving his abandoned book into his bag, quickly getting out of the aisle of bookshelves and trying to get out of the library.

“Karkat wait!”

He ignored her and quickly made his way to the nearest exit.

Thankfully for him, he had pretty much memorized the amount of exits within school, just in case, the paranoia in him had been spazzing out one day and he made the painstaking decision of finding and memorizing every exit path within the school.

He knew all the dark spots and the exits and entrance ways of the school like the back of his hand.

So he managed to loose Aradia after gaining some distance from her, her long skirt would make it slightly hard to maneuver around the library, not to mention was the fact that Karkat was fast. If it weren’t for his freakish genes, his shitty stamina and the fact that the sun was his enemy, he could’ve made a great track runner.

The one perk to Aradia waking him up was that she had managed to wake him up before free period had ended, which was great since Karkat could now focus on getting to his next class.

Only...

He suddenly didn’t want to go to class.

His stomach ached and rumbled as he entered the main hallway of the school, the hall already thinning as students made their way to their next classes.

Karkat hunched over himself as he stumbled into the nearest bathroom he could get too, ignoring the other males that were in the bathroom before class started. He went to occupy a stall, sitting on the seat and hugging his

bag to his chest as his stomach ached- somehow, it reached up to his chest and suddenly his chest was aching as well.

He struggled to keep silent as he vaguely listened to the teen boys in the bathroom. Eventually though, they left and Karkat was seemingly alone in the bathroom.

“Fuck...” He whispered to himself, bag dropping to the, thankfully clean, bathroom floor as he clutched his chest. He lurched forward, colliding with the stall door, clumsily, he fumbled for the door to open just so he could collapse fully on the cold tiles of the bathroom floor.

“*Fffuuuuuhuuuccck.*”

What was going on? His chest felt so tight, he could hear the drumbeat of his heart in his ears so clearly, he felt like he was going to go insane!

Shakily, he got to his feet, using the bathroom sink as leverage and as a crutch, his eyes were closed tight as he panted heavily against the sink.

Maybe he shouldn’t have declined Aradia’s offer of going to the clinic.

He felt like he was dying.

‘~~You are dying.~~’

Karkat’s eyes snapped open and he looked into the mirror, his reflection staring at him.

Only it wasn’t his reflection.

Oh sure, it looked like him, but his *eyes*, they were glowing a big bright **red** that would have him stumbling back if it weren’t for the near-paralyzing pain that he was feeling. And another thing, his reflection didn’t seem to be in pain, he was just standing on his side of the mirror as if nothing was happening at all, and he had this *sad* look on his face.

A *pitying* look.

‘I am not pitying you my mortal self.’

It wasn't Karkat's reflection.

It was Cancer wearing his skin.

“You *shut the fuck up.*” He snarled into the mirror, at least, he attempted to. It came out in an angry wheeze instead. “I-I have... plenty more time... before I fucking die.”

He did. Or at least, the doctor had said so.

Cancer's expression didn't change, if anything it grew a bit sadder.

‘Your time shortens. You keep denying who you are, who WE are... it’s affecting you negatively.’

“The fuck... does that... *mean?!*”

‘You feel the power underneath your skin do you not? Release it, you will feel better when you do.’

Karkat let out a growl that turned into a pained whimper, “I... am in *school*, you fucking... ass... I can't...” He couldn't just release whatever weird power was underneath his skin! He could just-- he just *couldn't*.

‘Please little one, you’re in pain. You must release! Acknowledge who we are!’

“We... are ***nothing!*** I am... Karkat V-Vantas... and tha-that's *it!* I'm... not you! And don't caah-call me little, you gl-glittering bas-tard!”

‘... My apologies my mortal self, but you cannot hold underneath this painful pressure. If you will not release, then I will’

Karkat's face twisted in pain and now confusion at his words before it clicked in his head, “No, *don’t you da-*”

Suddenly something wet slid down his face.

It was a tear.

Of blood.

His shiny, glittery blood.

What the fuck.

“Nononononono--”

Suddenly bile went up his throat.

Only it wasn’t bile, or vomit or even stomach acids.

It was more of his blood.

He gagged on it before it dripped out of his mouth, his reflection- *Cancer* stared back at him with grim determination and satisfaction, his own eyes crying blood and his mouth stained with it as well.

Karkat gurgled, blood dripping off of him but not hitting the floor, each droplet and glob of blood instead floated in the air around him, sparkling and shining like the stars that were no longer in his veins-

“*Holy fucking shit.*”

Karkat whirled around, eyes ablazed and glowing in power that was finally being released. He paled significantly as he saw a boy his age with wide blue eyes behind square-rimmed spectacles in the bathroom with him.

No. No no no No nO NonoNONOnonO--

It was too much for him.

Karkat’s eyes slipped into the back of his head, eyes fluttering shut and he was falling *down--*

“*Oh fuck!*”

Faintly, he felt his clothes ruffle, nonexistent hands catching him and drifting him down gently to the ground.

“I gotcha...Holy fuck, Rose, what the fuck did you lead to me this time?”

Karkat drowned in his unconsciousness, black overtaking his very view and encompassing him in his mind.

From deep within, Cancer smiled tiredly.

A rocky start but it would do.

When Karkat woke up, he was immediately alert. A blond female stranger smiled at him enigmatically from her seat, a somewhat familiar black-haired male straightened when he noticed Karkat was awake.

“Ah, welcome back to the land of the living Lord Cancer.”

“You’re awake! Um, sorry for startling you Lord Cancer sir.”

“What.”

Chapter End Notes

Karkat suffering.

I wonder why I find that so interesting.

Though don't worry, things will get better now that John and Rose are entering the scene!

In a nut shell though, this is how the story will go:

Things get better, then they get worse, then they get better, then they get worse, then they get even more worse, then they get better- you see

where I'm going with this?

Anyway, this'll be interesting to write since I'm actually not using SBURB in anyway in this fic! SBURB-free! No game in this one, just old gods and stars and more!

Hope you enjoyed, till next time!

Times Have Changed ~ III ~

Chapter Notes

Hey!

Been a while!

...

..

.

Okay enjoy the chapter! :D

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

When Karkat woke up, he was immediately alert. A blond female stranger smiled at him enigmatically from her seat, a somewhat familiar black-haired male straightened when he noticed Karkat was awake.

“Ah, welcome back to the land of the living Lord Cancer.”

“You’re awake! Um, sorry for startling you Lord Cancer sir.”

“What.”

Karkat stared at the both of them, face tight with disbelief, shock and general cautiousness. Just what the fuck did they call him? Why?

The young blond girl that was around his age, smiled benignly at him with black painted lips. She had short, pale blond hair with a pale purple headband on her head, she wore glittering lavender earrings that matched her equally shiny-lavender eyes. She wore a fitting black shirt with an obscure Latin sentence scrawled in white cursive across her chest, a dark purple skirt adorned itself on her hips that ended below her knees, held up by a pink belt with a silver buckle.

Karkat couldn't help but be drawn by the Latin on her chest, frowning as his mind somehow came up with the translation for it.

'Aut viam inveniam aut faciam.'

"I will either find a way or make one." He mutters aloud, face scrunching at the familiar words. He's heard them before, but where-

Scorpio glanced back at him, a sharp and determined smile on her face. "I will either find a way or make one." She says with all the arrogance and confidence that existed solely within her. Taurus laughs and shakes his head besides her, grinning.

Scorpio's sharp smile is replaced by the girl's surprised and pleased smile. "Ah, so you know Latin as well, as expected of Lord Cancer." She says with all the coolness and confidence that existed solely within her. The boy with blue eyes laughs, shakes his head besides her, grinning.

No, stop it, stop comparing her to someone he'd only seen within his dreams. Within his head. Someone familiar but also so utterly foreign to him. Vriska wasn't like that. Not anymore the fucking bitch.

Karkat grits his teeth, "Stop calling me that." He spits, hands gripping the white blanket that draped over his legs. "I'm not fucking *Cancer*." He's not. He was nothing like that ancient asshole that apparently lived in his head and was forcing him to live out memories that *weren't his*.

He was just Karkat Vantas, albino loser that was going to die within the year or maybe the next if he was lucky. And he probably wasn't even that lucky anyway.

Said albino took a moment to look around, he was in the school's infirmary. The nurse was gone, leaving him alone with both the strange girl and boy that seemed to know more about his situation than he did. He looks at them warily, scanning the boy that had found him in the bathroom and had presumably taken him to the infirmary and perhaps told the girl about him.

The young black haired boy was still grinning, he had a bit of an overbite, if he smiled with his lips closed then a couple of teeth would still peek out of his lips. Bright blue eyes stared at him from square-rimmed glasses, he didn't have any other jewelry aside from the strange blue pendant that was over his white over-shirt that was on top of a long-sleeved green undershirt and dark blue jeans. And like the Latin sentence, Karkat felt drawn to the blue pendant.

Tear-dropped shaped with a familiar bright blue symbol etched into it. It was-

Taurus smiled at him, wings fluttering behind his body as he turned to face him. The bright blue symbol on his chest seemed to glow as he called for the wind.

The boy smiled at him, his clothes ruffling slightly as he faced him. The bright blue symbol on his pendant seemed to glow as he-

"Stop that for fuck's sake!" Karkat barked, holding his aching head- he needs to stop drawing similarities- it was bad enough he was doing that for his friends, ex-friends whatever, but now for complete and utter strangers?! Fuck! "I get it, you're both somehow connected to me- just stop- you, Breath boy, stop that. Just stop, the window's not even open and your clothes are fucking moving." He hissed, annoyed at the subtle gust of wind that circulated the room. It's familiar but also not.

The breath boy grinned sheepishly at him, "Whoops, sorry Lord- er, just sorry I guess." He says, backing up slightly when Karkat sent him a withering glare for his attempt of calling him that dreaded title and name. "I'm still, trying to learn how to control my powers and uh- not consistently use them I guess." He mumbles, still wearing that sheepish grin.

Karkat scowls darkly, "What the fuck do you want from me." He demands, tightly gripping the infirmary bed's blanket that was draped over his legs. He doesn't know these two, they're familiar in the sense that he's seen them for the past few weeks entering the school year but they never had any contact to each other. He shares a few classes with them, but that was it. They didn't know each other and had no reason to know each other either.

Until now it seems.

"It's not exactly what we want from *you*, Lord- pardon me, *Sir Vantas*." The girl says coolly and Karkat has to grimace at the actual use of his name, oh so they also knew his actual name. That was totally comforting. *Not*. "It's what you would want from us." He stares at her with a dumbfounded look, it has her chuckling in amusement. "I see that you are most confused on this matter. It would make sense that you wouldn't completely know about us, and my, I seem to have forgotten my manners. My name is Rose Lalonde, I am in your Science and Literature Class. Though I am also Sagittarius born and Light-aligned my Lord Cancer." She says, standing up to give a prim and proper but also short bow and curtsy.

Something sparks in Karkat and Cancer whispers to him bits of knowledge that has him pausing. Sagittarius born and Light-aligned. Sagittarius would be her ruler, but Scorpio would be her master. It doesn't really make sense to him, not really. Cancer chuckles lightly at his confusion and he bites down a physical indignant hiss at the old god that was deep within his mind. He just gives the girl- *Rose*, a blank stare.

The boy goes next, still grinning but no longer sheepishly. Instead, it's confident and somewhat goofy. "And my name's John Egbert! I've got History and P.E. with you Lord Cancer, *Sir Vantas*!" He exclaims happily. Karkat wants to punch away that happiness, how dare he be happy while Karkat was stewing in his own confusion, self depreciation and other emotions that he was currently stewing in like an overdone soup. "I am Aries born and Breath-aligned!"

Aries would be his ruler, Taurus would be his master.

"Indeed, Lady Aries would be John's Ruler while Lord Taurus would be his Master." Rose said with an impressed look, oh fuck Karkat said that aloud. "While Lord Sagittarius would be my Ruler and Lady Scorpio would be my Master."

Karkat scowled at her, "And what the fuck would that mean exactly?!" He really didn't understand what was going on other than that these two

apparently were mistaking him for a shitty old god that no longer existed anymore. Cancer hums in the back of his mind, he is ignored on principle.

Bucktooth-*John* blinks in surprise. "What? You don't know what that means? But, didn't you just say that yourself?" He asks with confusion and Karkat barely, *barely* snarls at him.

"I have no fucking idea what you're all talking about." He tells the *three* of them, though Cancer has gone silent and he just wants to go home and sleep. Unfortunately he was stuck in the infirmary with two strangers for the time being. Strangers that actually *knew* shit. Might as well find out a bit, it didn't seem like he had a choice anyway. "And for the last fucking time, I am *not* Cancer- stop calling me Lord Cancer! Or Sir Vantas, that's just- so fucking weird." He tells them firmly, scowl on his face deepening. "Just, call me Karkat." That was all he was. Karkat. No one else. Cancer could kiss his ass.

Rose and John share a glance, John looking a bit uncomfortable and unsure while Rose merely smiled at him. At the sight of the smile, John relaxed a bit then nodded. "Alright then Karkat!" He said brightly, glancing at him and Karkat regrets giving him permission to call him Karkat. But it was certainly better than having them call him Sir Vantas *or* Cancer, who he was not.

The albino boy inhaled and exhaled, rubbing his face as he glanced between Rose and John. "This all leads back to the question of what the fuck do you want from me exactly." He points out rather calmly.

"And the answer is still not on what we want from you Karkat, is what you would want from us." Rose replied, dusting off the imaginary dust off of her skirt as she sat primly on her chair. "We are advocates of the Celestial Constellations, followers to the mythical and legendary star gods that preceded the universe and the Earth. We live to be useful for the eventual return of the Twelve Celestials that are our Rulers and Masters of our births and aspects."

Karkat processes it and comes to a conclusion.

"So you're a fucking cult."

John gapes at him while Rose gives an inelegant snort. "On a technicality that would be correct." Rose says and John gapes at her in turn, she shrugs at John's look of indignance and disbelief. "What? You must admit John that our upbringing is no way normal compared to the average person's life, we worship mythical beings and swear or lives to them. We were raised in an environment perfect for indoctrinating us into the beliefs of our clans and know the mythos of unknown beings that any normal human would write off as a myth or untrue. However, compared to other cults and such, ours is both better and yet worse." She points out.

John looks uncomfortable, "Well, if you put it that way- then yeah I guess we could be a cult. But I think the official term is like, 'The Consortium of Constellations'?" He says to Karkat as he grins sheepishly.

Karkat looks at both of them in disbelief, he hadn't expected them to accept his accusation of them being a cult so readily and easily. "... What the fuck is even my life anymore..." He mutters to himself before shaking his head and glaring at them, "Okay, so you're a cult, fanfuckingtastic- *not*. But what do you mean 'what I would want from you'? What in the hell would I want from you?" He asks warily, almost afraid to ask that question since it could range into anything.

"A number of things." Rose started, smiling at him gently and he twitches, he doesn't trust that smile one bit. "As I said before, we are advocates, followers- servants if you'd like. We were raised on your mythos, your legacy that exceeded towards this new universe. As you are the reincarnation of Lord Cancer himself, we have a duty bound to you. What you ask is what you will get from us." She stands, John is quick to follow her and together they kneel which mortifies Karkat to a degree that he never thought possible.

"And though we are not of your aspect or born underneath your starry sky, we still vow to serve you." Rose murmured, a strange inflection to her voice that resonates in Karkat- Cancer is suspiciously quiet. "As a student of Scorpio and the child of Sagittarius, I give my loyalty to Lord Cancer." Karkat's breath hitched as he felt something itch in his chest, the itch turned

warm and unknown to him, his eyes glowed bright sparkling red. Rose gasps softly at the tether she felt formed tentatively from her words.

"As a student of Taurus and the child of Aries, I give my loyalty to Lord Cancer." John followed, gasping along with Rose as he felt the tether as well, Karkat gripped his sheets as his chest felt undeniably warm- Cancer whispered in the back of his mind but Karkat wasn't paying attention to him. No, he was paying attention to the feeling of warmth- it felt nice.

It terrified him like no other.

"What did you do." He whispers, eyes wide but the sparkling red faded to his normal abnormal red eyes befitting an albino freak like himself. "What. Did. You. Do." He demanded lowly, staring them down as they stood up.

What had to be done. Both Rose and Cancer thought, but Karkat only heard Cancer's words and mentally snarled at him. "We swore our loyalty to you." Is what Rose says to him aloud.

"Yeah, we're like- your new best friends I guess but also your loyal servants." John chirped, grinning obviously to the starting tension of the room.

"Get out."

"Huh?" John blinked as Karkat looked down to his sheets and hands, "Uh-"

"I said *get out.*"

Rose laid a hand on John's shoulder and nodded her head, "As you wish." She said, ushering John towards the door. "We've told the teachers that you were in the infirmary due to some health issues- nothing too serious but you've been excused for a couple of classes. Your guardian hasn't been noted however." She informs him from the doorway. "I suspect that this is a lot for you, Karkat Vantas and that you loathe your situation however know that John and I are there for you now and will answer any question you may have to our best abilities. I've already added our handles into your

pesterchum so please, feel free to pester either one of us if you feel like it." She tells him and gives him one last smile before closing the door.

Karkat stays silent, flopping back down on the bed as he stared up at the ceiling- glaring at it actually as he tried to keep his breathing calm and steady.

...

He hated his life.

So, so much.

"Rose! What was that all about?!" John asked as they left the school's infirmary. Leaving Lord Cancer- er, *Karkat* alone. "Should we really leave him alone? Shouldn't we like, stand guard and stay by him?" He glanced back towards the door but Rose gains his attention and forces him to look away. "Is he even going to be okay? I found him in the bathroom vomiting blood! Uh, weird, sparkly, godly and floaty blood but still blood!"

"He'll be fine. Today is a safe day as far as I can tell." Rose told him, dropping her smile and frowning as she thought over their encounter with the reincarnation of Lord Cancer. "That incident was because of how in denial and in pain he was in, John. His powers manifested along with memories of his past life as Lord Cancer, he hasn't trained them like we did with our powers from when we were children. His body is also incredibly weak, so the backlash of his powers is quite brutal on him." Worryingly so. But hopefully they could help them.

John bit his lip and sighed, "Alright... Damn." He winced, finding the reincarnated god-turned-teen in the bathroom hurling copious amounts of blood, sparkling and floating or not, had been more than a bit terrifying. "I hope he'll be okay... We're going to help him right? He seems so..." He trailed off, uncertain on how to finish that sentence as he and Rose walked through the hall.

The albino teen they had encountered today had been interesting to say the least. Being the reincarnation of a celestial old god that almost no one remembered or heard of. The mythos of the Celestials were kept secret and guarded. They weren't as big as the Catholic Church but, they didn't have to be.

"I know." Rose replied softly, before nodding, "We will help him. It's our duty to, and even then... I would like to think I'd still help him had we not been plucked into this." She said and John agreed with her. Even if they weren't raised by their families to serve The Twelve, even if Karkat hadn't been Cancer's mortal human reincarnation, he'd like to think that they'd become friends and they would still help him nonetheless. "We should report this to Dirk and Jake."

John nodded, "I'll do it. You tell Dave we're joining class now?" He suggested as they each got their phones out.

"Alright. Better me I suppose."

-- ghostyTrickster [GT] began pestering timeausTestified [TT] at 2:45 PM -

-

GT: dirk!

GT: we found him!

GT: lord cancer's reincarnation is karkat vantas and he's around our age.

GT: i uh

GT: i found him vomiting blood in the bathroom after rose told me to go to the bathroom

GT: he's in the school's infirmary now resting

GT: also don't worry about the bathroom it's all clean

GT: the blood just kinda went down the drain and it was easy to clean the leftover blood

TT: Just hope that no one shines a black light in that bathroom.

TT: But incredible that you've managed to find Lord Cancer.

TT: What's his status?

TT: Is he alright?

GT: well he's

GT: going to be fine i guess

GT: rose said that he has a weak body

GT: which i guess makes sense since hes like albino

GT: the ones with completely white hair not like dave

GT: also rose is telling dave we're coming back to class

TT: Alright.

TT: I'll look up on Karkat Vantas and see what we can do.

TT: And tell Jake.

TT: And Bro, Mom and your uncle.

TT: Did you swear loyalty?

GT: sweet

GT: yeah me and rose swore loyalty it was so weird

GT: not the bad kind of weird

GT: just weird

TT: I'd imagine, this is the third lord you've ever swore your loyalty to.

GT: yeah

GT: and this is lord cancer after all

GT: blood aspect and all that

GT: the exact opposite of breath

TT: Indeed.

GT: i have to go

GT: time for rose and i to head back to class

GT: we were gone for a long time

TT: Rose has that handled.

GT: i know but like

GT: dave would be wondering on what happened

TT: Again, Rose has that handled.

GT: siigh

GT: i know

GT: anyway, we'll talk more later?

GT: later dirk

TT: Later John.

-- ghostyTrickster [GT] ceased pestering timeausTestified [TT] at 2:49 PM -

-

-- tentacleTherapist [TT] began pestering turntechGodhead [TG] at 2: 43 PM --

TT: I take it that class is going well?

TG: jesus fuck rose

TG: where the hell are you

TG: me and jade are dying here in class

TG: youve missed jades funeral

TG: youre a horrible sister and friend

TG: both you and john

TG: where is he btw

TT: Ah yes, I very am much a horrible sister and friend.

TT: Though I must admit I feel guilty for missing the funeral of one of my best friend.

TT: However shall I make up for it?

TT: Shall I make a scene at your funeral as well Dave?

TT: Wilt and sob like a forlorn lover?

TT: Granted I am your sister but I can act the part of a forlorn lover quite well.

TG: maybe

TG: okay the incest shenanigross things aside

TG: where the hell have you and john been

TG: class is almost over and johns still on the john?

TG: whats going on rose? whats taking so long in getting johns ass back here and off the john

TT: Clever.

TT: Selfcest shenanigross things aside, John and I are coming back to class.

TT: We should be there before it ends and apologize to the teacher.

TG: damn my sister and my best friend

TG: do i have to give him the shovel talk or like

TG: do something

TG: i thought you were lesbibabe

TT: Surprisingly no, you do not need the shovel talk. John is not my paramour, frankly I'd think it would be awkward to date him seeing as our parents are quite interested in each other.

TT: I would rather not follow my mother's footsteps on this and go after an Egbert.

TT: Since I am indeed, a lesbibabe as you eloquently put it.

TG: you can blame roxy for that

TT: You know I won't.

TG: fair

TG: so what took you so long?

TT: John found someone passed out in the bathroom apparently.

TG: what

TG: oh shit

TG: what happened

TG: who was it

TG: did it include either alcohol or drugs

TT: Neither, it seemed that the poor boy has a weak body and the tendency to pass out should circumstances meet.

TT: When I excused myself to find John, I found him trying to drag him to the infirmary.

TT: Naturally I helped like the good Samaritan that I am.

TG: snrk

TT: Sh, anyway, we delivered him to the nurse who told us to stay with him for a bit.

TT: He's fine now by the way, his weak constitution aside.

TG: thats good

TG: who is he anyway

TT: Karkat Vantas.

TG: woah shit

TG: the albino kid

TT: You know of him?

TG: you dont?

TG: hes like

TG: the loner albino kid

TG: dont really know him but i have like a few classes with him

TG: john too

TT: Right.

TT: Anyway, Karkat will be staying in the infirmary for now.

TT: John and I are returning to class.

TT: We'll see you and Jade there.

TG: aight

TG: see you soon sis

-- turntechGodhead [TG] ceased pestering tentacleTherapist [TT] at 2:47 PM --

Karkat took in a deep breath, calm and steady.

It was easier to be calm and steady without *those two* strangers around- well, he knew their names now sure but he didn't exactly trust them for all that they knew about his apparent affliction of 'Old God' disease. But thankfully they didn't seem to know about his actual sickness or else that would've ended up on a messier and louder note. No one should know about that.

When the nurse returns- apparently they had to leave for a bit to do something that Karkat didn't care about, they had him sit up and check over him. When asked about Rose and John, he just said they went back to class, he insisted they do which wasn't an entire lie- after he told them to get out of the infirmary he had hoped they had returned to whatever classes they should have right now.

He was fine- even as the nurse insisted that he should stay in bed, he was very sure he was fine.

Fuck the fact that earlier on he'd been wheezing and coughing up blood- that hadn't been his fault, it had been the fault of the ancient being in his head. Unfortunately he couldn't tell anyone that unless he wanted to be locked up in a straight jacket until his skin wrinkled or he died via cancer. Which was again, unfortunately fucking ironic.

Stuck in bed for the meanwhile, Karkat just boredly messed around with his phone, reading online novels, watching some videos- whatever a teen did whenever they were bored.

He was surprised though, when the door opened and a couple of unexpected visitors came through the door.

Nepeta Leijon and Equius Zahhak.

Nepeta wore a concerned frown on her face, a blue cat beanie on her head gifted to her by Equius. She wore a black shirt with an olive jacket over it, on her black shirt, was a cute kitten printed on the chest. On her wrists were a pair of blue and olive wristbands and a silver bracelet that had both the Sagittarius symbol along with the Leo symbol. She had grey jeans being held in place by a brown leather belt with a small lion belt buckle for pants and dark blue shoes with little light blue pawprints on it for footwear. She was looking at Equius in concern but was surprised to see Karkat in the bed.

'Leo.'

Oh and here he thought Cancer had finally stayed silent.

Equius was equally surprised as well, his shades -usually cracked- were nowhere to be seen on his face, his nose was bleeding surprisingly and the twinge of concern that Karkat feels has him grimacing. Equius was a buff teen, he wore a simple dark blue shirt with the Sagittarius symbol stitched in black in the middle, and a small blue jacket that was currently tied around his waist. For pants, he wore dark blue jeans, so dark it almost seemed black and predictably had a horse belt buckle for the grey belt he wore. Simple black shoes were his preferred footwear.

'Sagittarius.'

"Karkat!" Nepeta exclaimed, briefly overjoyed to see him but then looking concerned as she realized that Karkat was in the infirmary and in the bed for a *reason*. "Are you okay? What happened?" She asked as she and Equius walked over.

Karkat shrugged, "Just- fatigued or some shit. What the fuck happened to you?" He asked Equius instead, looking at his bleeding nose.

Equius shuffled in place, "I was not paying attention and accidentally injured myself." He informed him with a grimace, both at his own nose and at the fact Karkat cursed- he was a stuck-up teen that didn't like cursing. Or 'crude' cursing at least.

"Seriously?" Karkat was a bit skeptical but the agreeing nod from Nepeta. "Damn, well, it doesn't look that serious." Compared to how much blood he had hacked up, Equius' bleeding nose barely disturbed him. If anything, he *wished* all he had was a bleeding and probably broken nose as the reason why he was in this damn place but *noo*, he had worked himself up and the god in his head forced him to bleed weirdass sparkly blood instead.

At least that John and Rose had found him, despite being cultists or whatever, it was better if they had found him in the bathroom rather than a normal ass person. He didn't want to end up in the hospital again, or god forbid a *lab* because who the hell coughs up and produces sparkly blood? Him and old celestial beings apparently. It was bad enough that he cut himself to let out some of his blood a few times a week- he had a fucking *jar* of his blood underneath his bed for fuck's sake- but to completely cough up what seemed to be actual liters of his own unnatural blood? *In the bathroom of his school?*

Fuck, being the reincarnation of an old god connected to cancer and blood **sucked. Ass.**

"It does not feel broken, not completely anyway." Equius replied, tenderly touching his nose as Nepeta ushers him to sit down on a nearby stool.

Karkat observed them from the bed, he didn't really have a problem with Equius or Nepeta. They were both somewhat okay with him, Equius less so for lots of reasons but mainly because he had rejected Nepeta's love confession a long time ago. Nepeta was sad about it but thankfully she stayed a tentative friend, it took a while but she got over her crush on him which Karkat was glad for. If they didn't hang out as often anymore, well, Karkat tried not to mind, it was expected after all.

Equius really hadn't liked the fact that Karkat rejected his best friend but was pacified by said best friend who didn't want her best friend and ex-crush to be at odds with each other because of her. As long as Karkat didn't do anything hurtful towards Nepeta then Equius was begrudgingly okay with him- Karkat couldn't help but feel the tiniest bit jealous though, of Nepeta for having such a protective and loyal best friend.

He thought he had that once, now, he was sure he didn't.

The Graveyard was eerily silent as always but he didn't let it get to him.

Dusty remnants of old, dead stars drifted about within the air as Aries lead him through the area.

Aries, tall and solemn even with her gentle smile on her face, curled horns on her head, turns back to speak with him with weighty rusty red eyes. "The graveyard is restless this night." She says quietly, her long, dark red dress that ended in small tatters that moved akin to a dying flame swishes as she faces him but keeps moving forward. Floating through the air with the use of her power. Her hair, tied in a loose bun and held by a thin red string and two dimly glowing rods of polished stone. On the chest of her buttoned up dress, right above her breast lies her symbol, and tied to her belt was a skull of a ram that glanced at him with two near-dying stars in its sockets. "Chaos is on the horizon, the graveyard will have new occupants. Far too many of them in fact." Aries usually would have been glad for the new occupants, but they both know that many of them would possibly be younglings that were cut down before they could have the chance to grow, or stars and beings that would die before their time.

Cancer is solemn, looking over the area with sad eyes.

The Graveyard of Stars was eerily silent despite Aries' words but he trusts them nonetheless, if she says it is restless then the dead are sensing the conflict as well.

"I can only hope for the best, for everyone." Cancer murmured to her as they wandered the Graveyard. Capricorn would've joined them but he was off on his own errands. With the news of something far more sinister than they could imagine, more black holes were being created and the poor man was doing his best to corral them safely and without casualties. "If the dead cannot become stars once more, then may they have peaceful lives as mortals."

Aries smiles at him, brighter and less grim. "A wonderful idea that I agree with." She says softly.

They share the rest of their wandering visit with silence, Aries listening to the whispers of the dead and softly reassuring them that it would be alright. Cancer could only hope that it would be true, and he would do his best to make it so.

"I can't stand this!" Cancer winces at the fierce and animalistic roar that came from Leo.

The wild womanly constellation pacing restlessly on the grass of the gardens. Her ears, perched on her head and feline-inclined, swivel and twitch back in distaste, it matched the aggressive flicking of Leo's tail behind her as she paced. Leo, tribal marks on her face painted with the dead dusts of multiple stars to show off her tenacity and ferociousness, growls roughly, bright olive eyes slit dangerously as she paced on all fours. Her fingers, flexible, strong, clawed and deadly, nearly tear into the grass from her aggrieved pacing. Leo wore a green fur vest made by Virgo, her breasts held tightly against her chest in leather binding that matched her short leather pants that were dyed dark blue. She wore no boots, why would she when her feet were as dangerous as her hands? The gauze bandages wrapped around her ankles and feet were enough for her as footwear. On her collarbone, her symbol, etched into her skin, glowed brightly in sync with her aggravated emotions.

*"They **dare** attack my pride?! Attack **him**?!" Leo snarls, anger covering the worry that she felt for her dearest and closest friend. Cancer sympathized with her, but they couldn't afford to do anything else right now but wait.*

Cancer tries to calm her, "Leo, I know that you are angry and that you feel the need to act but right now, you must wait here for Sagittarius to be healed properly. It would be reckless of you to try and go off on your own." He points out, steadying himself at the dangerous aura that Leo exuded as she turned to him, a predatory and angered gaze that would cow a lesser being- but Cancer was not a lesser being. He was on the same rank as she was even though she triumphed over him in terms of raw strength and

power. "You can save your anger and your rage later, when the time is right- for now, be there when Sagittarius comes out to see you. It shouldn't be long now."

Leo takes in a sharp intake of air, inhaling and exhaling, struggling to keep herself calm. Cancer's words helped. She needed to be here for Sagittarius. "Fine, but when the moment comes I will sever the head of the being responsible for all of this." She replies with a gruff growl, relaxing as Cancer smiles at her while nodding. He wasn't going to argue on her about that, in fact he might just try to help her if she would let him. Though that was doubtful since Leo mostly hunted alone, with the exception of Sagittarius of course, the two were close. Very close.

And speaking of Sagittarius.

The steady clip-clopping steps of an equine caused both of them to freeze then brighten as they saw Sagittarius trotting towards them on the stone garden path.

Sagittarius equine body, his fur so dark blue it almost seemed black, was free of his own blood now. A bandage wrapped over the stomach of not only his equine body, but his human-like body as well. His long, black hair that was usually in a high and proper pony-tail, was now free and straight over his back and shoulders. His hunting belt was nowhere to be seen, probably left with Virgo along with his magnificent bow and quill of arrows. There was a small smile on his injured face as he approached them, indigo eyes thankfully sparkling with life unlike the terrible dullness of earlier on.

He certainly looked better now that he wasn't bleeding profusely and on the verge of collapse.

"Sagittarius!" Leo called out, sounding less feral and so, so happy. Bounding over to her partner and friend while Cancer stayed where he was, smiling in relief as he watches the feared huntress excitedly circle the newly healed and still healing centaur. "You're alright! Thank the stars." She says, finally taking him into a hug- though she was careful with his still healing injuries.

Sagittarius chuckled, "We should thank Virgo and Gemini instead. They've dealt with my more major wounds and I thank them for that." He says sincerely as he wraps his strong arms around her, returning the hug gently. He sees Cancer and lets go of Leo, "Cancer." He greets his fellow constellation with a respectful nod that Cancer returns. Cancer finally leaves his spot and approaches him.

"Sagittarius, it's a relief to see you up and well. You've given everyone quite the scare when you suddenly trotted through bleeding and hurt." Cancer replies, looking grim as he remembered the shock and the concerned fear when the centaur appeared, running through the gates of the palace and into the throne room in a mindless fray before collapsing on the spot, royal indigo blood spilling from his injuries. Leo had immediately returned to the castle when she caught wind on how he was hurt.

Sagittarius grimaces while Leo growls, "Yes, my apologies for that. I did not intend for that, but I had to reach the castle as soon as I could. I willingly ran through the void to get from the edge of eternity to the palace... I have news of our enemy." Both Cancer and Leo straighten as Sagittarius blanks his face into a serious grim that sends a dreaded sensation through their bodies.

"It's best if we talk with the others, I did not only come to you to reassure you I was fine, but to fetch you for the meeting." Sagittarius informs them both softly, turning around towards the castle, "Come. The others are waiting."

With a heavy heart in his throat, an anticipating sense of dread in his stomach and a grim mentality on his mind. Cancer followed after Sagittarius and Leo.

Karkat inhaled sharply as he woke up- too sharply, he immediately starts coughing.

"Oh geez Karkat, are you okay?"

Karkat tries to stop coughing, nodding his head and waving off the concern on his person. "I-I'm-" He clears his throat, successfully resisting a cough. "I'm fine." He croaks, frowning at Kasper who gave him a concerned look. "Really, I'm fine." He insisted from where he sat at the front seat.

"Why don't you drink some water kiddo? Come on, it'll be good for your throat." Kasper said, motioning to the water bottle tucked in the cup holder of the car.

For a moment, Karkat was surprised at the fact they were in the car only to remember that the nurse had finally called his guardian and adoptive father to school and that they were driving home. He managed to get out early.

Of course though, the moment Karkat buckled down, he had drifted off to sleep and experienced another set of Cancer's memories. Great. At least it didn't end with him waking up screaming bloody murder.

"Are you sure you're fine Karkat? You passed out again during the ride- we're almost home by the way." Kasper tells him as they drove through their neighborhood, the adult giving him more concerned glances.

Karkat huffed, "Yes, really I'm fine- just really fucking tired okay."

"Language." Kasper chided with a small smile.

Kasper wasn't his or Kankri's real father, he wasn't albino like them but he was ginger. He had bright red hair and watery blue eyes, he wasn't as pale as the typical ginger but he definitely had freckles on his face. They weren't as noticeable as an adult but Karkat has seen the pictures of him when he was younger and boy, was he a freckly kid.

"Anything happen today Karkat? Aside from uh, you passing out? We should really do something about your sleep schedule, or maybe have a doctor prescribe some sleeping medicine for you or something? Passing out in the bathroom, you should've said something on how tired you were Karkat!" Kasper huffed as they pulled into the driveway of their house.

Karkat grumbled, unbuckling his seat belt and getting out of the car. "I wasn't tired during the morning okay? And no, we don't need a doctor to prescribe me any more pills- I'm *fine* dad." He insisted stubbornly, he really didn't want to see a doctor any time soon. Somewhat afraid that they'd figure out he had cancer and he wouldn't be able to do anything about it if they were born underneath another star rather than the stupid ones that made up Cancer. He still has no idea how the fuck that works but it worked in his favor the first time. He couldn't exactly count on it working again.

Kasper sighed but merely nudged him into the house. "If you say so Karkat, but if we're going to do something about your sleep schedule- you're going to sleep at eight tonight you got that mister?"

The albino teen whined, 8? But that was so early!

Dammit... He was tempted to try out that controlling trick he could apparently do but... He didn't want to do that to his adoptive dad. He was just trying to look out for him after all.

He didn't deserve him.

-- timeausTestified [TT] began pestering carcinoGeneticist [CG] at 7:35 PM

--

TT: This Karkat Vantas?

CG: Who the fuck is this.

TT: Just another follower of the constellation Lord Cancer.

CG: Oh fucking hell not you guys again.

Fuck his life.

Chapter End Notes

Okay so I should probably doing other things but my motivation has hit the all time low for some reason but hey- I managed to churn this chapter out before the end of the month! The end of the year!

Hope you guys had a Happy Holidays and that you'll have a Merry New Year!

I'll see you all in 2020!!

Where hopefully my motivation to write picks back up and I'll be writing things left and right again ;u;

See you next year, next chapter and next story!

Much Before The Fall

Chapter Notes

Some angst for Karkat, he's a depressed boi.

Also hi, you can kill me after the chapter for being so late.
My writing schedule is fucked, we all know this.
But hey, I managed to get this done :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Click.

The still image moves, bright red eyes, shocking white hair paired a dimpled wide smile greets the viewer. Though soon the young boy's eyes widened and his smile turned into a frown, "Daaaaad! Don't film me!" The boy complained, a pout on his messy face. The boy was covered in bright red and cool grey paint, there was a chuckle in the background.

“But Karkat you look adorable.”

The boy's pout grows and he huffs, waving a thick paintbrush at the camera, “I am not adorable!”

“He’th totally not adorable.” A young lisping voice chimed to the side, “He’th a metthh.” The camera moves to a young boy with rectangular glasses perched on his face, he too, was covered in red and grey. Behind him was a barely painted red wall.

Karkat scoffed, “Like you’re one to talk- Thollux.” He purposefully lisped with a wide grin, shrieking with a laugh when Sollux flicked a few globs of paint at him. “Hey!”

“Thuck it KK!”

“ You suck it!”

“Boys! Be careful!”

“Yes Dad!” “Yeth Mr. Vantath!”

Click.

Scroll...

Click.

The scene changes and it's Karkat, a little bit older but still young. Besides him was another albino, though older. They both looked less than pleased but they were dressed immaculately, their hair gelled and their clothes formal, neatly pressed and very clean.

“Father I respect your decision but I do not think we need to be filmed at this moment.” Kankri deadpans at the camera, adjusting his dress shirt with a small grumble.

“This is stupid! Don't fucking film us- we're just going to get our pictures taken, what's even the point of filming us for that bullshit?!” Karkat whined as the camera swiftly turned to him.

“Karkat! Language!” “Karkat please don't swear-”

Click.

Kasper chuckled tiredly as he paused the video, a small smile on his face as he scrolled through various old videos that were saved in a specific folder in his computer.

Ah the memories...

The ginger-haired man sighed, shaking his head and closed the folder. As nice as it was to look to feel the nostalgia, he should probably get back to work. He couldn't exactly push back the deadline any further, he'd get in so much trouble for that.

A knock on his door broke him out of his thoughts, Kasper perked and called out, “Come in.”

The door creaked open and at the doorway stood his oldest adopted son Kankri, “Father.” He greeted, always wanting to seem so much older and mature by calling Kasper ‘Father’ instead of ‘Dad’ like Karkat. Kasper didn’t mind, just happy that Kankri referred and thought of him as a father figure.

“Ah Kankri, come on in. What do you want?” Kasper questioned, giving his eldest a faint smile. To his delight he could see a ghost of a smile on his face. He and Karkat really need to smile more, they had lovely smiles- though right now at their current age they must think that smiling wasn’t worth it.

Kasper was- *is* really trying his best here for his boys, he just hoped he was doing a good job for them both.

Kankri steps into the room, sitting down at one of the spare chairs he had in the room. “I...” He hesitated for a bit before soldiering on, “I heard that you had to pick Karkat up early from the infirmary today, was he alright? Is he alright?” He asked, repeating his question with concern flitting his red eyes.

His smile grew a bit, “He’s fine. His insomnia just seems to be getting worse- he ended up passing out in the restroom of the school, a boy and his friend took him to the infirmary afterwards.” He informed him, watching Kankri sigh quietly with relief.

The albino teen then straightened in his seat and cleared his throat, “Ahem, ah, yes well- I suppose we should find him a new prescription- or encourage him further to sleep early on. Have you told him to sleep earlier tonight?” He asked stiffly, failing to completely mask his concern with his usual aloof stubbornness and slight condescension.

Kasper nodded, “He should be sleeping at eight tonight sharp. I’ll check in on him two hours afterwards, see if he’s actually sleeping by then.” And maybe again after another couple of hours, lord knows he wasn’t going to be done with work any time soon.

“Wonderful, I shall remind him during dinner about his schedule and-” Kankri started, looking far more relieved and relaxed now than he was coming inside Kasper’s study.

He was interrupted, “Was there anything else you wanted Kankri?” It would be better if Kasper started his work sooner rather than later, lest he get bit by the procrastination bug and end up in a problematic situation like *not* doing anything productive.

Kankri cleared his throat, cheeks colored a bit, “Ah, no. That was all Father, thank you for informing me.” He answered, standing back up. “I’ll see you later Father, at dinner.” The albino nodded, heading over to exit the room.

“Mmm, have a nice day Kankri.” Kasper bade him as he left.

Kankri looked back to give him a smile, “You too Father, you too.”

As the door closed, Kasper stretched in his chair and groaned, rolling his shoulders as he looked back at his laptop. Time to get to work...

He paused though as a stray thought entered his mind.

Before he realizes it, he was opening the lower drawer of his desk, rifling through the contents of it until he got the item he’d been subconsciously looking for.

A small box.

He pulled it out of the drawer, closing it afterwards and stared at the box that now laid on the top of his desk.

“So that’s where you ended up.” Kasper muttered, pleasantly surprised- had it really been there all these years? “I’m such a forgetful parent ughh...” He groaned to himself, palming his face.

Kankri and Karkat had been so upset back when they were young, losing it- they hadn’t stopped crying and moping over it for *weeks* and Kasper had felt so bad... But it had been in his lower drawer all these years- wow, some father he was huh?

He sighed, shaking his head and opening the box.

In it were two identical pendant necklaces, made of shiny silver- Kasper was quite surprised that it still looked brand new despite it being almost two decades since he'd seen the two items.

He took one out of the box, smiling at the slightly twinkling trinket. "Well, better late than never I guess? Though I don't really know if my boys would enjoy wearing these again." He said, talking to himself as he thumbed the symbol that had been carved into the metal.

The Zodiac Cancer symbol.

As young children both Karkat and Kankri had worn them all the time- they had come with them, the jewelry. Both of them had them even before Kasper adopted them, momentos from their original family perhaps? Kankri wouldn't have told him as a young child and Kasper doubted that he even remembered now.

"I'll give them these later." Kasper decided, looking at the pendant and returning it to the box.

He had some work to do after all.

As he set aside the box, he never realized that the pendants were still twinkling within the box despite having no light source whatsoever.

Currently in his room, Karkat suddenly shivered, almost dropping the bowl of popcorn he'd gotten from the kitchen.

-- timeausTestified [TT] began pestering carcinoGeneticist [CG] at 7:35 PM

--

TT: This Karkat Vantas?

CG: Who the fuck is this.

TT: Just another follower of the constellation Lord Cancer.

CG: Oh god fucking hell not you guys again.

CG: What the fuck do you want.

TT: I'm very sure that Rose had answered that question.

CG: Don't get smart with me asshole.

CG: I don't want anything from you crazy fucks!

TT: For now.

TT: You must understand Lord Cancer that we are people who have vowed to follow you and your reign for the rest of our feasible lives.

CG: I don't want that!

CG: All I want is to be a normal fucking kid and live!

CG: I never asked for this!

CG: I never asked for a bullshit god to be in my head or to be his so called reincarnation!!

TT: So you do acknowledge that the Ancient Constellations exist and that you are his reincarnation, also you hear his voice in your head? Do you have any memories of his?

CG: NOT THE FUCKING POINT!

CG: I never wanted this. I don't want this bullshit.

TT: And yet it is happening nonetheless.

TT: You are the reincarnation and vessel to an old and very beloved god of ours Karkat, you are essentially Lord Cancer now and we will be by your side and look after you to the best of our abilities.

CG: Stop calling me that!

CG: I'm not him and I will never be him.

CG: I'm nothing but Karkat Vantas and all I want to be is normal.

TT: ...

TT: My sister and her friend have already vowed to you either way.

CG: Rose is your sister?

TT: Yes.

TT: Oh yeah, I'm being impolite as shit.

TT: I'm Dirk Strider by the way.

CG: I don't particularly care.

TT: Hah.

CG: Wait if Rose is your sister then why is her last name Lalonde?

TT: Our parents divorced.

CG: Oh.

CG: I'm sorry for asking.

TT: It's fine, you would've found out anyway.

TT: And it's not like it was a bad divorce, our parents didn't love each other but they were still good friends.

CG: Well I guess that's good?

TT: Nice attempt of changing the subject but we're veering straight back to it; Rose and John have already vowed to you as their Regent Ruler.

CG: Fuck.

CG: What the fuck does that mean, regent ruler.

TT: Regent Ruler, with both their Rulers and Masters absent they follow you now, you have their loyalty, their skills, capabilities, resources, etc. at your fingertips. You are their third Constellation they have pledged themselves over.

CG: What the fuck? I understand jackshit out of that.

CG: No. Don't even try to explain further.

CG: I don't give a flying fuck now or ever.

CG: How many damn times do I have to stress to you that I. Don't. Want. Anything. To. Do. WITH. YOU. CRAZY. FUCKHEADS!!!!

CG: I could care less about the bullshit you're spewing and I don't need anything from you! Fuck's sake, are you incapable of reading what I've been typing to you?

CG: Is there an actual dire damned dyslexia that gives you a selective type of reading to ignore the actual shit that I'm saying to you?!

TT: An interesting type of dyslexia but no, I acknowledge the sentences that you've typed and sent to me. However that doesn't change anything whatsoever.

TT: You cannot deny that you are not normal whatsoever Karkat.

TT: You have my sympathies for this bizarre and the unfortunate circumstances that have fallen on you, but I believe it is not healthy to try and just push this away.

TT: You're destined for great things my lord.

CG: STOP CALLING ME THAT!

CG: I AM NOT

CG: DON'T EVER FUCKING PESTER ME EVER AGAIN

-- carcinoGeneticist [CG] ceased pestering timeausTestified [TT] at 7:46 --

-- carcinoGeneticist [CG] has blocked timeausTestified [TT]! --

Karkat manages to resist the urge to throw his phone at the wall- he couldn't break it. He couldn't afford another phone nor did he want to ask Kasper for another phone after he accidentally broke his last phone with his freaky nails- that had been hard to explain but he managed.

Just the thought of his nails had Dirk's stupid orange texts back in his mind and he flipped on the bed face first to scream into his pillow in frustration.

He didn't want this.

He didn't want any of this!!

Out of millions of other people, why him?

He just wanted to be normal.

'Is that right my child? '

“Don’t you dare fucking question me you old piece of shit.” Karkat hissed to the ancient god, “And don’t call me that, I am not your *anything!* I know what’s good for me so butt the fuck out of my personal shit! This is all your fault anyway!” He tightened his grip on his covers, his eyes feeling traitorously wet.

‘I am not denying that, however if you do know what truly is good for you then why do you not consult your guardian with your illness? Your very fatal illness. ’

Karkat flinched then snarled, “Don’t. Don’t. I- Kasper, *Dad* is busy enough with his two jobs, he doesn’t need the stress of anything more. He’s still paying for Kankri and I’s tuition and my damn medication.” He sucked in a deep breath, “Our insurance can’t cover everything, not after that damn earthquake earlier this year. And as a human, I’m going to die anyway so might as well do it early. I’m going to die from cancer, it’s going to fucking suck but hey, one less little shit to bother Kasper and Kankri.” He reasoned to himself and the now silent god in his head, he went to lay on his back to stare at his ceiling tiredly.

‘Your family and friends will mourn you. ’

A harsh laugh came from his throat, “Family? Friends? Kasper’s going to be heartbroken sure but he’ll get over it, he’s- awesome and strong. He shouldn’t get choked up over a shitstain like myself. Kankri’s probably not going to care, he’s so focused with studying and whatever the fuck else he’s doing, hell he might even be glad! No more ‘foul mouthed little pain in the butt brother’ to complain about and scold.” He tossed to his side as he continued, dragging a pillow into his arms to curl up against, “Gamzee and Kanaya are the only actual friends I have left, the others are either dubiously nice or fucking bastards that wouldn’t give two shits about me. Gamzee and Kanaya will be alright, maybe my death will actually be useful or something for Gamzee- give him motivation to stop getting high and drunk, I’ll even leave that in my will or like, leave a note for after my death. Kanaya... I’ll admit I’m feeling guilty at her, she’s the only one who ever gave a genuine crap and stuck with me constantly and put up with me and my bullshit. But like Kasper she’ll get over me, she’s strong, she’s awesome.”

He buried his face into his pillow, ignoring the growing wet stain around the area of his eyes. “The others don’t really give a shit, most of them anyway. I’ll be surprised if Sollux, Eridan or even fucking *Equius* gives a genuine shit or something...”

‘... We both know that is not true. They do care, they will mourn your death. Though you are estranged now, perhaps the news of your ailment will help you grow closer once more- ’

“ *will not use my illness on them like that!* ” Karkat screamed into the pillow, fingers clutching the soft fabric in a deathly tight grip. “ *I don’t need their pity, I don’t need your pity or pathetic attempt of consolation and I certainly don’t fucking care anymore so drop it stupid old man!* ”

Cancer could only mentally shake his head, a feeling of sadness coming not only from Karkat but himself as the young adolescent mortal cried silently into the pillow. The young child wasn’t even acknowledging the wet stain or the fact his breathing had gone so rough, continuing to deny everything.

‘They would not pity you, they would care, they would do what they could to aid you in your time of need. ’

Karkat gritted his teeth, “Stop mistaking my ‘friends’ with your own.” He muttered with harsh scorn, “*Maybe I am your reincarnation and maybe they are the reincarnations of your old damned god friends but that doesn’t mean fuck! I’m not you nor are they them! You’re just scared of dying again because when I die you’ll fucking die too!*”

Silence.

Karkat broke it with a rough laugh, ugly, bitter but *victorious*. He’s hit *something* to silence the old motherfucker.

Tiredly, Karkat closed his wet eyes and sniffed.

He never asked for any of this, so like hell he was going to let it overtake his life just like that. Not without a fucking fight at least, he was going down *kicking and screaming*.

Dirk sighed as he leaned back against the back of the couch, “Well that could have gone better.”

“It honestly could.” Jake admitted from his side, looking over at the screen of his laptop. He winced as he reread the ending before Dirk was blocked, “Golly, he doesn’t seem too pleased does he?”

The blond could only sigh again, “No. No he doesn’t.” He confirmed, rubbing his face and letting Jake take the laptop from his lap. “But he can’t deny this forever, especially with the circumstances he’s in.” A grimace formed on his face as he thought more on it.

Jake shook his head, looking sad as he closed the Pesterchum tab, “Poor chap, I- well, I don’t really understand his situation really but I certainly know that this isn’t exactly a waltz through a garden for him. I’d be right chuffed if I were in his shoes.” He handed the laptop back to Dirk who

accepted it, “However I’m in my own shoes and all things aside, quite busy enough as it is.”

Dirk Strider nodded in agreement to his partner’s words, he felt sympathetic for Karkat but that couldn’t change the facts. He was essentially a God now, a celestial being bound to a meaty flesh bag body, a weak meaty flesh bag body that needed to be protected- who knows what would happen if Karkat died out of the blue?

Losing Lord Cancer wouldn’t do well for any of them.

Dirk purposefully doesn’t think of the other possibility, that if they killed Karkat Lord Cancer could be unbound by flesh and ascend back into his primordial form. No longer bound by a weak body, all powerful once more.

It was a small possibility that should be ignored for the sake of morality and the other very real possibility that if Karkat dies, Lord Cancer dies as well.

They needed to protect Karkat Vantas, from those who’d seek to harm him.

And there were *many* who sought to harm him.

Luckily, Karkat’s identity was under wraps and very few actually knew about him.

For now, he was safe as could be, however it wouldn’t last long.

Dirk chewed on his lip, thoughts running a mile a minute before he opened another tab in Pesterchum.

-- timeausTestified [TT] began pestering tentacleTherapist [TT] at 7:57 PM

--

-- timeausTestified [TT] added ghostyTrickster [GT] into the chat! --

TT: Tell me both your thoughts about Karkat Vantas, just him, for now leave aside Lord Cancer.

GT: uhh hi dirk??

TT: Good evening brother.

TT: Sister, John.

TT: Hm, just Karkat Vantas?

GT: well he's really grumpy for someone who's essentially a god or like the vessel to one

GT: like super duper grumpy!

GT: and kinda rude tbh :/

GT: but considering everything i guess he has the right to be that since he doesn't really know anything does he? aside from the whole 'being a god/vessel' thing and the kinda freaky blood powers

GT: also his blood actually sparkles btw it legitimately sparkles like there were tiny stars in it

GT: almost kind of a waste to clean away the blood but like it was for the better of everyone

GT: karkat especially

TT: Indeed it was morbidly fascinating to see the glittering star-like blood.

TT: It did not seem like godly ichor, but definitely above the standard human blood.

TT: The power hidden within the liquid was phenomenal.

TT: It should be.

TT: You should have kept a vial or two of the blood for future concern, but I won't doubt that that will be the only incident you'll be able to obtain near-celestial blood.

TT: Considering Karkat's weak constitution I do not doubt that either.

GT: so he's going to end up vomiting a lot of blood again?

GT: yikes poor karkat :(

GT: but wouldn't it be a bit creepy to get a few vials of his blood?

TT: Oh definitely John, but you know that his blood is powerful and potent.

TT: It'd be a waste to not use it.

TT: But don't worry your little head about it, we won't use it unless we actually do need it for big things.

GT: i guess.

TT: Continuing on, Karkat Vantas doesn't seem to be the most stable of individuals.

TT: What do you think he has Dr. Lalonde?

GT: yeah miss therapist what does your psychoanalyzing skills say?

TT: Haha you two.

TT: Let me just check my clipboard for all the notes I've compiled on Mr. Vantas.

TT: For one he has several issues ranging from anger to trust, he did not display any positive emotions whatsoever and when he was not upset he was ultimately neutral to the point of bordering typical defensive Strider neutrality.

TT: Impressive almost.

GT: no duh he has anger issues, and a serious love for swearing

TT: Shh.

TT: I suspect he has severe depression, major anxiety, PTSD that perhaps stem from his memories of slash as Lord Cancer.

GT: :(

TT: ...

TT: Any chances he might be suicidal?

GT: what?!

TT: That might be a possibility yes.

GT: why would he be suicidal?!

TT: John you must consider that his status as a loner, his rank of popularity in our school and the added fact that he is known as an albino might affect his mental state.

TT: And with the fact he possibly has severe depression, anxiety, PTSD, anger and trust issues, I would unfortunately not be surprised if he might be performing acts of self-harming and indulge in thoughts of possible suicide.

TT: For all powerful Lord Cancer is, Karkat Vantas is a teenager like us.

TT: And during this time of our youth, emotions, hormones and such are on a level beyond twelve.

TT: He was not raised like us John, he was raised a normal-ish teenager that experience things typical to his life.

TT: We do not exactly know him on a personal level.

TT: I might be wrong and for a rare time I do wish I was, but the possibility cannot be swept aside.

GT: DDD:

GT: poor karkat!!!

GT: we gotta do something!

TT: Sigh, I was afraid of this and yes John you're right.

TT: We have to do something.

GT: i am??

GT: i mean i am! i am totally right!

TT: I assume you want us to get closer to Karkat and better his life?

TT: I'm not expecting you to fix his life entirely, stars fucking knows that nothing can be entirely fixed in something like that but yeah, doing something to make him a bit happier would be good.

TT: And if he tries to make the argument of how you're just doing this because he's Lord Cancer reincarnated you know what to do.

TT: Argue that we would still help him regardless of his status as a vessel or reincarnation?

GT: we totally would!

TT: Exactly.

TT: Alright.

TT: Though you needn't prompt us to this brother, we would have done it regardless.

TT: I know, but it still needed to be said.

TT: And I wanted John to know what should be done clearly.

GT: heey >:T

TT: Of course, you did this for John's benefit.

GT: rooose D:<

TT: I tease with platonic love John.

GT: >:T

Dirk chuckled, "Something funny Dirk?" Jake questioned, leaning over to read the laptop and had to snicker himself. Both his and Jake's amusement was promptly interrupted by the faint sound of a door opening and the sound of faint voices.

"Dirk! Jake! We're back!" They both straightened as four pairs of footsteps came from the front door.

TT: Bro's back with everyone else.

TT: And thus the conversation must end I suppose.

GT: alright! say hi to jade and dave for me!!

TT: You know you can do that yourself later on when they get on their computers.

GT: yeah but i want them to know i said hi right now!!

TT: Yeah yeah I'll say that.

TT: Later you two.

TT: Goodnight brother.

GT: night dirk!

--timeausTestified [TT] ceased pestering tentacleTherapist [TT] and ghostyTrickster [GT] at 8:11 PM --

Dirk's laptop is closed just as two adults and two younger teenagers stumbled into the living room, Dave and Jade playfully pushing at each other while Bro, laughing at their antics, determinedly kept the plastic bags out of both their reach when they turned at him to clamor at its contents with Jude English watching them with a dorkish but wide grin on his face.

“Welcome back Bro.” “Welcome back Father!” Dirk and Jake chorused, both older teen males snorting when their respective younger relative came to join them on the couch. “What flavor did you end up choosing?” Dirk questioned as Dave lounged beside him.

“Chocolate!” Jade chirped, grinning toothily with a victorious look on her face as her best friend groaned in defeat.

“I was outvoted- fucking *betrayed!*” Dave called out dramatically to Bro who snorted at him as he retreated from the living room towards the kitchen.

“Tough luck kiddo, I was feeling for chocolate ice cream tonight!”

Dave faked a wounded whimper, “You love Jade more than me! I call favoritism!” He exclaimed, yelping when Jade reached over Jake and Dirk to smack at his knee. “Assault!”

“Stop being dramatic Dave!”

Jude chuckled, shaking his head as he then followed Bro towards the kitchen, no doubt to help Bro with distributing the ice cream to the rowdy

teenagers in the living room. “Be nice you four- nothing drastic! I don’t want to end up replacing another lamp!” He chided right before he left.

Jade and Dave flushed at the unfortunate reminder while the older teens snickered, “Uncle Juude! It was an accident!”

“A total accident, it wasn’t our fault- mine especially!”

Dirk shook his head, a fond smirk on his face as he reached over to ruffle his hair much to Dave’s dismay. “Whatever you say squirt.” He ignored Dave’s huff and glanced between him and Jade, “John said hi by the way.”

Both teens perked at the mention of their third best friend, “Aw! We’ll be sure to say hi back when we can!” Jade exclaimed with Dave’s eager nod. Though before they could ask when and why Dirk was talking with John, Jake and Jade’s phones beeped simultaneously, catching their attention.

“That must be Aunt Joey.” Jake hummed, fishing out his phone to check the message that his dear Aunt and Jade’s mother had sent them both. “Drats, it seems that she’ll be home late tonight.”

Jade pouted and leaned against her cousin as she whined, “Awww! She promised she’d be back in time though!”

Jake patted Jade’s shoulder, “There there poppet, you know she’ll make it up for you. It seems that she’s rather busy at the moment.” He and Dirk share a brief look before he focuses back on Jade, “This will at least give you the excuse to eat all the ice cream and leave none for her for when she returns.” He points out.

Jade perked and grinned mischievously.

“Speaking of ice cream,” Dave followed up, getting to his knees so he could lean against the back of the couch. “*Yo Bro! Where’s the ice cream?!* ” He shouted.

“*Hold your tits Dave! It’s coming!* ”

“*Will you Striders please stop shouting in my house?!* ”

“Sorry Jude! ” Came both Strider’s loud reply.

Dirk pulled Dave down back to sit on the couch, “You heard ‘em Dave, ice cream’s coming.”

Dave huffed but obediently went back to lounging on the couch with his brother, “Fiine.”

They turn the TV on as they wait for the ice cream to come- which didn’t take too long as both Bro and Jude came into the kitchen, carrying cups filled with ice cream. They cheered, each taking a cup of ice cream to enjoy themselves, Bro and Jude included.

The couch was cramped with four teenagers and two adults but they didn’t mind.

“Oh! Father, Aunt Joey shall be late in returning tonight.” Jake tells him, cup empty after some time.

Jude pauses and sighs, “Ah, of course. Did she say why she’s late?” He questioned though Jake and the others knew that inwardly he was really paranoid and was already coming up with most unlikely scenarios as to why his sister was late to coming home.

“One of her coworkers couldn’t come so she offered to cover their shift at the vet.” Jade answered, a small frown on her face. She loved her mother really but lately she’s been working more and more. “I get her share of ice cream now right? And the rest of the tub?” She questioned innocently.

Her uncle snorts and smiles, “Yeah pumpkin, if she wants ice cream she can get some herself.”

“Sucks she’s working overtime and missing ice cream but hey, shit happens.” Bro comments, adjusting his round shades on his face and wiping the remnants of chocolatey goodness from his mouth with his sleeve like a savage. “Pretty sure she’ll make it up for you guys though.”

Jude's smile widened, "I know David, I know, but I stand by what I said-she can get ice cream herself."

David Strider smirked back at him and nodded.

Dirk Strider finished the last of his ice cream, sighing in content as Dave haggled with Jade to having some more ice cream himself.

It was nice to spend some time with friends and family between most of the shit that happens.

Though he knows that after he, Dave and Bro returned to their home right next door and after Dave and Jade went to bed, they'd have to discuss a few things.

Hopefully by then, Joey Harley would come back, it'd be better to talk together rather than repeat for her later on whenever she was done with whatever she was doing at the 'vet'.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed the chapter, till next time!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!